Milwaukee-Downer College

THE FORUM

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For four years this country has been deluged with a mass of contradictory testimony on Mexico. THE FORUM aims to present both sides of every question, and herewith sets forth the testimony of a former ambassador, of an oil concessionaire, of three engineers and one rancher. With these facts before it, the public can decide just what part President Wilson's Mexican policy should play in the 1916 elections.

LAST PHASES IN MEXICO

Lest We Forget

THE HON. HENRY LANE WILSON, FORMERLY AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO

IF the earlier phases of the Wilson Administration's dealings with Mexico were mysterious, inconsistent and illogical, the more recent steps which it has taken are sufficiently clear. In the initial stages of a policy conceived in defiance of the unbroken traditions of this government and with a total lack of understanding of either the psychological or physical conditions prevailing in Mexico, the Administration found it not difficult to drown public protest or question under a flood of meaningless phrases and empty platitudes about "democratic institutions," the "submerged millions," "watchful waiting" and our "helpful attitude." If its superficial and crude estimate of Mexican conditions had been sustained by subsequent events; if its gratuitous and mischievous interference with the government of Huerta had been justified by the establishment of real democratic institutions; if a benignant and peace-loving democracy had restored order and law, then it might have gone before the world and said, "Look on that picture (referring to the wicked

Taft Administration) and then on this (referring to its benevolent self). "That was an Administration sordid in its ideals which held commerce with the tyranny of Diaz and frowned on the democracy of Madero; and this is an Administration which sympathizes with the plain people of Mexico struggling for liberty and about to create a democratic republic." That this state of mind was that of an amateur politician not intimately acquainted with the moral responsibilities of his great office nor properly instructed about Mexico did not become convincingly apparent to the great body of the American people until it was taught by the testimony of events. Of these events the last phases constitute an important part and their recital may possibly be of use to those seeking a clear insight to our present difficult position.

The Vera Cruz-Tampico Incidents

In the month of April, 1914, soldiers of the Huerta government were holding the city of Tampico on the Mexican-Atlantic coast against a force of revolutionists under Carranza and Villa. The city was under military control and rigid port regulations were necessarily in force. At this time there was anchored in the harbor a fleet of American war vessels under the command of Admiral Mayo. For reasons presumably proper a force of marines was sent ashore and unfortunately landed at a point where landing was forbidden by military orders. Carrying out his instructions the Mexican officer stationed at this point arrested the marines and brought them into the presence of his superior officer who immediately released them with an apology. This apology was followed later by one from the provisional president of the Republic, Huerta. Ordinarily these expressions of regret would have satisfied the exigencies of the occasion—equivalent ones had been sufficient to salve the indignation of the Administration in a more aggravated case which occurred in the port of Acapulco—but this was an opportunity which the Administration had been seeking in its efforts to

overthrow the government of Huerta, and it insisted upon a salute to the flag, at the same time, refusing the return salute which in accordance with international usage should be given. The President, then, with impetuous haste, asked Congress for authority to use the military and naval forces of the United States to compel Huerta (not the de facto Mexican government with which it had been dealing for a year) to salute the flag; a fleet was dispatched to the port of Vera Cruz supposedly intended there to await the action of Congress which alone has power to declare war. In the meantime, however, upon a certain eventful night Secretaries Bryan and Daniels visited the White House to inform the President that a German ship laden with arms for Huerta was about to discharge its cargo at Vera Cruz. The delivery or non-delivery of this cargo of arms and ammunition was not at all vital to the situation in Mexico, but it furnished a convenient pretext for an intemperate and hasty procedure not justified by the written or unwritten rules of international comity. At this identical time, the Army and Navy Board of Strategy was in session at Washington under the presidency of Admiral Dewey; it was not consulted, nor was the consent of Congress then in session obtained, but in the small watches of the night telegraphic instructions were sent from the White House to Admiral Fletcher to seize the customs house and prevent the landing of these arms. Though without adequate forces Admiral Fletcher carried out his orders promptly, but in the struggle which ensued twenty-one American sailors and marines and over two hundred and fifty Mexicans were killed. The German ship, however, sailed away to another port where it landed its cargo of arms and ammunition and these ultimately reached the hands of the Huerta government. After having made this rash adventure without the authority of Congress, it was found that Admiral Fletcher's forces were not sufficient to hold the city of Vera Cruz and in quick emphasis of the error which it had committed, the Administration collected

and dispatched to Vera Cruz 3,000 soldiers under General Funston. For what ultimate purpose this large force was dispatched to Vera Cruz, only history will reveal; at the command of the Administration, our soldiers wobbled in and hampered by its instruction, they wobbled about and finally at a moment when chaos reigned, when their influence might have been felt in the preservation of lawful authority, they ingloriously wobbled out.

But these events brought others in their train; events which cannot be recalled with pride or satisfaction by Americans. The reflex effect of our brutal and unprecedented invasion of Mexican soil upon trumped-up pretexts was felt throughout Mexico and resented in violent ways by an inflamed and embittered populace. One especial episode ought to be recited. In the state of Tamaulipas, there is a large resident American population employed in the oil fields. Towards these Americans the attitude of the natives became menacing and dangerous to such an extent that to the number of about one thousand persons they took refuge in the city of Tampico where our American fleet was anchored. It was expected they would be given asylum on board our ships of war, but this was denied them under instructions from Washington. They, then, congregated at a public building, belonging to a cosmopolitan society, believing that the presence of the American ships would guarantee them against attack by the mob, which was assuming a threatening attitude. At this moment, Admiral Mayo received instructions from Washington to go to sea. Unwilling to credit the correctness of his instructions, the Admiral asked for their repetition; and Consul Miller protested against them, demanding protection for the Americans. Notwithstanding these plain official indications of our duty in a dangerous crisis, the order from Washington to go to sea was repeated and these American men, women and children were left defenseless when surrounded by a howling, threatening mob. By good fortune, there was at this time a German ship anchored in the harbor,

and let it be said to the shame of our own government and to the credit of Germany, that her commanding officer performed that duty of protecting American citizens which had been abdicated by our own government. This Captain landed marines with a machine gun and served notice upon the authorities that if these Americans were injured in any way, he would at once open fire; it is needless to say that the mob dispersed. It ought to be added that afterwards these Americans, deserted by their own government, were taken aboard British and German ships anchored in the harbor.

This is not pleasant reading; but the facts are sustained by the official records. I doubt if we have another page of American history like this. I hope not. Can one imagine the British, German, Russian, French and American war vessels sailing away from China in the midst of the Boxer rebellion, leaving their nationals to the mercy of a frenzied and savage mob? Yet that is precisely what this Administration—which proclaims in one breath, that it is "too proud to fight" and in the next "America First" —did.

Wobbling Out Through Intrigues

But things were not going well. Americans were being robbed, outraged and murdered all through Mexico. We had three thousand troops floundering in the sand of Vera Cruz, sent there nominally to obtain reparation and a salute of our flag but really to intercept and deprive Huerta of the customs revenues, which then constituted the larger part of the government's income. Our army could neither advance, nor retreat, nor our ships sail away without some definite reason. The Administration at Washington then resorted to intrigue to accomplish that which it could not bring about by force. Behind closed doors and unobserved by the public eye, it informally intimated to certain South American representatives that it would be glad to have proposals originate from Latin-American sources for a conference on Mexico. After a good deal of grandiloquent correspondence these "conver-

sations" finally resulted in the Niagara Conference in which Chile, Brazil, Argentina, the United States, and representatives of Huerta participated. **This conference** indulged in many pleasant social exchanges and consumed many things but it **produced nothing—neither salute to our flag, the deposition or recognition of Huerta or any modus vivendi whatsoever. It began in mystery and closed its career in comedy**; absolute lack of agreement between the American representatives and the representatives of the Latin-American countries brought it to an abrupt conclusion. The latter, it is well understood, favored the rcognition of Huerta following a salute to our flag; but the President instructed our delegates to demand the salute of the flag but to deny recognition. The opinions of these Latin-American diplomats if printed as frankly as they were verbally expressed would furnish interesting reading to the American people.

The Downfall of Huerta and Chaos

Closely following the adjournment of the Niagara Confernce, the downfall of Huerta came, brought about, let it be well understood, not by the valor or potency of the Villa-Carranza combination but as a result of the deliberate policy of this government. **The Washington Administration** not only withheld recognition from the government of Huerta but **let it be known in no uncertain way that it would not regard with satisfaction the giving of financial aid by the banking interests of any European country.** Thus Huerta, defending himself in the north against Villa and Carranza with troops half of whom went into battle without ammunition, beleaguered in Vera Cruz by Fletcher's ships and Funston's army, with an American war ship at every port of the Pacific, reluctantly gave up the struggle and retired from Mexico. With Huerta went all semblance of constitutional and organized government. The soil of Mexico was drenched with the blood of Mexicans battling under rival bandit chieftains with sonorous titles but wholly destitute of patriot-

ism or humanity. **Chaos reigned everywhere; the courts ceased their functions; all legislative authority was swept away; crimes shocking to the world were committed upon a scale and with a savageness unprecendented in history.** Foreigners were robbed, driven from the country and in many instances murdered. Whole cities, towns and villages were plunderd and burned and their inhabitants, men, women and little children, were put to the sword; churches were desecrated; priests were murdered at the altar and nuns were ravished in ways for which there is no adequate description in the English language. **In the meantime our government,** in order that it might contribute to the gaiety of the occasion, **had raised the embargo on arms and was permitting arms and ammunition to go across the border, sometimes to Villa and sometimes to Carranza,** the measure of its benevolence toward each of these picturesque bandits being determined by the degree of favor one or the other enjoyed. In the midst of this carnival of crime committed in the name of liberty and in plain view of the government at Washington the President went to Indianapolis and delivered that remarkable speech which shocked the sentiments of the entire country in which he said "that bloodshed and crime in Mexico was none of our business; that the Mexicans had a right to settle their difficulties without our interference." In other words, he was for humanity and high ideals, except when their pursuit involved him in the consequences of his own mistakes. The cynicism of this view was hardly equal to its inconsistency; as we had been interfering constantly during his Administration and our troops had only just returned from the occupation of Vera Cruz.

The Administration Changes Its Policy—Consequences

Having now exhausted its resources in a destructive policy toward Mexico, the Administration unhappily determined upon a conservative policy—I say unhappily because this Administration possesses no knowledge of

conditions in Mexico and therefore is incapable of initiating a practical, constructive policy in relation to its affairs. However, it announced that the policy of vacillation and uncertainty was about to be abandoned; that—although it had neither watched nor waited—the unhappy slogan of "watchful waiting" was to be superseded by a positive attitude and some real upbuilding. Having determined on its course it again summoned the unfortunate Latin-American diplomats and, laying before them its troubles, transferred to their shoulders its responsibilities. Out of these deliberations there resulted the recognition of Carranza.

From this point, the constructive program went bravely on. Villa quickly became persona non grata. He was denied the right to import arms and ammunition; the troops of Carranza were permitted to ride upon American railways across American soil; other governments were persuaded reluctantly to accord a quasi recognition; efforts were made to patch up the rapidly deteriorating finances of Mexico; the old soldier Huerta, who suddenly appeared upon the border menacing the Carranza government, was unlawfully cast into jail and died there a victim to petty hatred and persecution.

Nevertheless, events did not march smoothly or prosperously; the currency of the Mexican government continued to depreciate; murder and pillage went on unabated; Americans and other foreigners were murdered and outraged in constantly increasing numbers; the misery of the Mexican population grew apace; outrages against religion, decency and order were universal. But the Wilson Administration pursued its even course, bravely smiling while a system of law and order built up by thirty-five years of diligent effort was destroyed root and branch. As for the outrages and murder of Americans, why become unduly excited? Having permitted the murder of hundreds of Americans upon the high seas and having brought into action no more dangerous weapon than a typewriter, why concern ourselves

about the slaughter of a few innocent Americans on land? The Administration was too busy securing "diplomatic victories" in Europe—victories born in the night but vanishing by day—even to listen to the voice of supplication from our decimated and ruined nationals in Mexico.

Cusi

Now comes another shameful page in this sad and humiliating story. Nineteen fine, upstanding, law-abiding American citizens went across the Border to resume previous occupations with the approval and consent of the Carranza Government, and at a point called Cusi they were massacred in cold blood by Mexican soldiers. These men were not disturbing the peace of Mexico; they were not concerned with its politics; they were attempting to pursue peaceful occupations in broad daylight; and it is not denied that they entered Mexico with the knowledge of our own government.

It was presumed that this frightful tragedy would arouse the attention and sympathy of the Washington Government and that these American citizens would be immediately avenged. **There was not an instance in history of the slaughter of inoffensive, law-abiding American citizens on foreign soil not being promptly and adequately avenged.** Could any one imagine presidents like Cleveland, Roosevelt or Taft resting inactive in the presence of a spectacle like this? Was it not true that during the administrations of these great presidents an American citizen in any part of the globe walked erect with his head towards the stars? Surely this President would maintain the established standards of Americanism!

At the time this tragedy occurred I said from the public platform that unless the massacre of these American citizens were promptly and fully avenged, further and greater outrages would be perpetrated; senators from Border States and the press of that section repeatedly warned Washington that it should not only secure vengeance, but should take precautions on the border.

Threats, persuasion and advice however were of no avail and inaction continued.

Columbus

Of course, that happened which everyone with any real knowledge of Mexico knew must happen; American soil was invaded; the town of Columbus, New Mexico, was looted and destroyed and twenty-six more Americans were added to the sum total of the victims of the mistaken policy of this government. Now it was supposed that this fresh disastrous evidence of the futility of our policy would bring immediate and decisive action by the Washington Government. But it was not prepared and hesitated and vacillated, and while the pendulum swung, Villa escaped. It required eight days to prepare and when the expedition entered Mexico it did so with the assistance of the oil vans of John D. Rockefeller, there being few available military automobile trucks. Even after this delay, Villa might possibly have been captured, had our military officials had the use of the railway and telegraph lines. But Mr. Carranza forbade the use of these though entirely built by American capital and only nominally under his control. So our soldiers pursued Villa through the sands of the desert in plain sight of a railway which by the most obvious considerations of military practice they should have seized. These soldiers were fine soldiers and knew their work as did their officers. Can it be imagined that in avenging American wrongs, Theodore Roosevelt would not have been ready at a critical moment, or that he would have hesitated to make use of any instrumentalities necessary to the accomplishment of the national purpose; if Theodore Roosevelt had been president—or Taft, or Cleveland—would there have been any Columbus massacre?

Nevertheless, the expedition has had its uses; it has shown the American people what unpreparedness means; has shown them that though this Administration said it would not intervene in Mexico it did. The American

residents of Mexico have been expelled and ruined and Mexico is a chaos and a waste. We did not go in for Cusi or remain for Columbus. What has brought a change?

Summary

This Administration initiated its policy towards Mexico as the result of a wrong conception of its own duties and of Mexican conditions; it dispatched envoys to rebels in arms against a constitutionally established government; it overthrew that government; it has made war in Mexico twice under the subterfuge and disguise of especially invented phraseology; it is responsible for the continuance of revolutionary conditions in Mexico; for the destruction of many billions of dollars worth of property; for heavy increases in our war taxes; for the loss of some two-hundred and fifty American lives; for the kindling of the fires of undying hatred in Mexico towards this country; for the growth of suspicion and distrust in every Latin-American country; and for the derision and ridicule of every European chancellery.

On June 20th the Administration gave to the press the note of Secretary Lansing to Carranza. No more terrible indictment of the Administration's blundering and wicked policy towards Mexico has been made by its most severe critics. It has all of the lament of the **miserere** and lacks only the **mea culpa** as a confession of guilt. And yet it does not tell half the story; it deals with one year of our errors in dealing with Mexico—the year of "constructive policy"—but the two years of its destructive policy beginning with its refusal to recognize the Government of Huerta are passed over in silenc. The Democratic national platform which was vociferous in its demand that our troops should remain in Mexico attempted no justification of the unwise and wicked policy which was responsible for their being there. Nor will any defense be made. For what it has done in Mexico and for what it has left undone, this Administration should be rebuked by the people of this country.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MEXICO?

SIDNEY AUSTIN WITHERBEE

There was a man in Washington
And he was wondrous wise—
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

With apologies to Mother Goose.

IT WOULD be easy to take every move of President Wilson in Mexico and paraphrase it in Mother Goose nonsense, but the question is not only too serious, but too hideously tragic to be treated humorously.

When President Wilson was inaugurated, peace and tranquillity were coming. Life and property were as safe in any part of the republic as in New York or Chicago; and for the first time since the passing of President Diaz, there was a sigh of relief sent up by natives and foreigners alike. Everyone began plans for the resumption or expansion of business; and the country's future seemed to be once more assured. The peons who with much grim humor had been idly singing

"There is much work, but we have no money;
We have no beans, but Viva Madero."

went joyously about again.

Mexico had been through two years of revolution, and Mexico was tired of it all, and glad to get back to the peace and prosperity that can only exist when made possible by an iron hand and an iron will. That General Huerta possessed both, no one doubted.

You have been told that Huerta was a monster, a murderer, a drunkard; that he betrayed and killed Madero, and you believed it, if not at first, after you continued to read it morning and evening. Here are the facts. Huerta was of humble birth and, as other great men have done, he rose through his very greatness. He secured an appointment to Chapultepec (Mexico's West Point) and

after graduating entered the army and rose constantly on his merits as a soldier, getting his last position from Madero for his able services. When under Madero, everyone had failed in putting down Zapata and his army, Huerta was put on the job and was the only man who made it impossible to find a Zapatista. They were completely disorganized and Zapata would have been brought in dead or alive, only Madero had greater troubles up on the American Border growing out of the revolution of his friend, Orozco, and sent Huerta up there. Orozco had an army that had grown by desertion from Madero to more than 50,000 men, and held the northern states of Mexico in his grasp. Salas, minister of war, chafing under ridicule, resigned and went to the front to put him down. In his first battle at Escalon, he was ignominiously defeated and blew his brains out. It was at this juncture that Madero sent Huerta against Orozco; and the old fighter made short work of him. This revolution blew up in the fastness of the Burro Mountains. Madero then called Huerta to Mexico City, and later when Generals Reyes and Mondregon pulled off their coup commonly spoken of as "the ten days and nights bombardment," General Huerta was fighting like a Turk beside Madero to quell and put down the revolt in the capital. Huerta did not stop, nor did he "flop," but kept on fighting loyally and holding his own, until the entire diplomatic corps and the standing committee of Congress demanded that the battle in the heart of the city cease, and that Madero and Suarez, the vice-president, resign.

Here, then, in one year's time, in three separate and distinct crises for Madero, Huerta fought loyally when others failed.

Upon the resignation of Madero and Suarez, the Minister of Foreign Relations automatically became President of Mexico. He was Pedro Lascurain, a gentleman who had never been in politics, and who was wise enough to know that in the chaos that existed he could not cope with the situation. The moment he took the oath of

office, he appoined Huerta Minister of the Interior, and then resigned, all in half an hour, leaving the portfolio of Foreign Relations vacant, so that again, and automatically under the constitution, the office of President was filled by succession, but this time by the Minister of the Interior; and, as unexpectedly as you or I might, Huerta found himself President of Mexico.

These facts were laid before President Wilson by Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, and by individuals, committees and delegations from the American colony of which I, myself, was one. As to Madero and Suarez, at a council held when they resigned, it was decided for their safety to give them safe conduct with their families to Vera Cruz; and to let them leave Mexico. A special train was made up and their families were taken aboard, but while this was being done the rabble had gathered in the streets leading to the palace, and it needed only a spark or opportunity for this seething mob to tear Madero to pieces.

To have been guilty of sending these two men out into that mob under any kind of guard would have been murder. Huerta wanted no harm to come to them, and ordered them to be taken in automobiles for their own safety and protection to the penitentiary where they would be safe until passions died down and the mob dispersed. The palace is five blocks long facing the Plaza Major, and is two blocks deep and contains great patios or courts extending from the front to the rear, and it was through these patios and the rear entrance that the guard in automobiles attempted to rush their two men to safety. They had gone but a short way when ordered to stop. Here both men were shot to death. (Editorial: The story of the shooting is given elsewhere.)

When Huerta was sworn in office, it was before the Chamber of Congress, to the last man appointed by Madero. They made no protest but accepted him as the Constitutional President of Mexico, and he was promptly recognized by the various powers of the world. It was

only Mr. Wilson who refused to recognize him. This was the first grave error, and the beginning of what has become a habit of constantly intervening and meddling.

As to the Vera Cruz incident, the Atlantic fleet was sent (ostensibly) to make Huerta salute the American flag. Some marines at Tampico had gone ashore for gasoline and were arrested by a subordinate officer, but permitted to go free. The commanding officer apologized, so did Huerta, but Wilson said he must salute our flag, and Huerta said, "I will with pleasure if you return the salute." We had several battleships in Mexican waters then, but the whole fleet was sent forthwith to make Huerta tremble up in the mountains two hundred miles from the coast at Mexico City.

It was not to make Huerta salute our flag that our fleet was sent to Mexico, but to prevent Huerta from receiving arms from the steamship **Yparanga** that was arriving with such a cargo consigned to the Mexican government. Please let me emphasize **"consigned to the Mexican government,"** because at the same time, the other leaders, whom Mr. Wilson was championing, were insulting our flag, committing every kind of crimes against Americans, and securing a continuous and uninterrupted supply of arms and ammunitions with which to continue their outlawry and even to shoot our citizens and soldiers across the border.

When I came up to Washington in July, 1913, it was following letters and cablegrams to Mr. Wilson dating back as far as February, three weeks before his inauguration, and I had every reason to expect him to be glad of the opportunity of receiving the information that I was bringing to him. Mr. Tumulty informed me that "the President could not see every gink who came from Mexico," adding, "I suppose you are another fellow who has lost a cow." I was informed that I could not see the President until after I had seen the Secretary of State.

During this period when it was impossible for friends of Mexico to get a hearing in Washington, lobbyists from

the bandit chiefs could come to Washington and be given a hearing before the Foreign Relations Committee by invitation, and at the same time Senators Bacon and Shepherd were holding secret conference with them at their homes and elsewhere.

The Secretary of State had told me that I was to have an uninterrupted interview of one hour which the President had arranged. I arrived at his home promptly at 9 o'clock and was shown into the drawing-room, where I waited until he came downstairs and stood in the doorway with his hat on, and informed me that he had completely forgotten the appointment and so had telephoned some friends that he would see them before catching the train for some point south where he was to lecture. He asked me if I would ride with him and talk on the way, which was the best he could do. I said I would be glad to make the best of the circumstances and we started in a pouring rain. We had not gone two blocks before I thought the front and back, both sides and the top and bottom of the rig would blow to pieces. It was not anger or rage, but plain unadulterated pacifist hydrophobia from which the Secretary of State was suffering.

He said he was amazed since occupying the office he did at the alleged Americans who came from Mexico to see him. He said there was no such thing as an American in Mexico, that there **never had been such a thing as an American in Mexico, but that we were all adventurers and soldiers of fortune who were exploiting a poor, downtrodden people and that we were now getting just what we deserved.**

I tried to make myself heard and insisted that he stop his carriage and permit me to alight. "No, sir," he replied, "we will ride to the State Department, and if you have any brains perhaps I can penetrate them," and I continued to ride listening to further attacks on the Americans, and also on that grand old man, Porfirio Diaz, whom he called an "old butcher, a murderer and thief who had grown rich while exploiting his country and

selling his people out to American adventurers like myself, who were the cause of the present revolution."

So much has been said about the way we Americans have plundered Mexico, that right here before continuing the subject, I wish to challenge the accusation, for the name of one, just one specific case where Americans have plundered Mexico or Mexicans. We have gone down there with our brains and courage and means to develop the resources of the country and have put in years, and many of us the best years of our life in doing so. I have never had anything given to me there—I have never had anything there that I did not pay the market price for, and after buying it, begin pouring more money into developing it. I have never known any other American who has ever had anything given to him, or who has anything there that he has not bought and paid for and then developed. Nor do I know of any German or British or French or other foreigner who has obtained something for nothing, or that has stolen anything in Mexico. We have increased the value of every property interest in Mexico and brought wealth to natives who were poor, and good wages where poor wages were paid before. You are told of the concessions we have grabbed and exploited. Let me explain to you that what is in Mexico called a concession is in the United States called a franchise. It is in effect, a permit, and whether it is to build and operate a street railway, an electric light plant, or merely to build a veranda on your home, you must first obtain a permit from the proper authorities. In one breath Mr. Wilson condemns Americans for having gone to Mexico, or says because we have, he will not help us exploit it, and in the next breath criticizes Americans for being "provincial" and timid, and says we do not measure up to our opportunities in Latin-America, and that is why we are not enjoying our part of their trade and development which would be ours if we did not stay at home. It would be a virtue to trade with Costa Rica or Argentina, to build and establish communication, to develop something; but

it has been a crime to do it with Mexico, our nearest and friendliest neighbor.

The United States will some day be told either by England, France, or Germany that they will intervene and protect their citizens, Monroe Doctrine or not, and if these countries go into the Latin-Americas they will remain. They have already very large colonies there. When Wilson was inaugurated I put up to him a plan or proposed treaty which I had simultaneously suggested to the Latin-American republics to take the place of the Monroe Doctrine. The Latin-American republics were quick in their approval, and expressed their willingness and eagerness to adopt and enter into it, but as my treaty would have promptly ended the Mexican revolution, Mr. Wilson acted as the obstructionist as usual. My treaty has been buried deep in the archives of the State Department, while the Latin-American Republics and myself are hoping that the next Administration may be glad to put it into effect and practice. Here is my plan as proposed to the Latin-American Republics and to the United States through Wilson and Bryan.

A. The unification of all Western hemisphere republics in an All-American policy, substituting the Monroe Doctrine.

B. The making of all-American States parties to, instead of subjects of this policy of mutual protection and Pan-American peace.

C. The agreement of each republic, separately and collectively, henceforth never to seek to acquire, by conquest or force, the territory of another.

D. The creation of a Pan-American Peace Tribunal, organized upon a basis of equal representation from each republic, regardless of strength or population.

E. The adjudication before this tribunal of all differences or claims of any one American republic against another, and all disputes arising from revolutions within the boundaries of any one republic, the verdict here rendered to be supreme and final.

F. Concerted action between all forces for purpose of preventing objectionable foreign invasion.

Such an All-American policy would multiply the strength of the Monroe Doctrine by twenty and at the same time remove all dangers growing out of it. Such a condition as exists in Mexico to-day would be an impossibility and we would not be asked to "watch and wait" like buzzards while a neighbor bled to death. We would not have to pay hundreds of millions to England or Europe

for our blundering, or else be their Collection Agent sapping the life blood out of a neighbor we have ruined through our dictatorship. We should not find ourselves at war with a sister republic, or a friendly European power, or with even strained relations, but all would be peace.

When John Lind had failed utterly in getting Huerta off the earth, Carranza held Ciudad Porfirio Diaz opposite Eagle Pass, and had his capital at Monclove, about half way over to Torreon, which he also held, while Lind was enjoying the "Key to the City" of Mexico which Huerta had given him. Carranza was driven out of Ciudad Porgrio Diaz, Monclova his "capital," and Torreon, and was lost in a cloud of dust going north, with the government troops pressing him in the rear. He was poorly armed and his men were deserting him when and as they dared. He was losing out, and in fact he was lost. At this time I was asked by two of his agents if I would see if I could "put it over" the Administration to have Lind leave Mexico City, and sent across from Galveston to some point on the Rio Grande to see Carranza, and to ask him, in the name of the United States and humanity to quit, and also to ask the Mexican government to grant amnesty to him and his followers, in which case he would agree to cease all hostilities, surrender his arms, and await, and abide by the elections that had then been called for October. The plan was for him to do all this in a magnanimous spirit, building character for himself in the hope that he might rally his fickle followers to support him at the election. I was told by his agents that as what I was working for was peace, here was my opportunity, and asked if I would see what I could do. I said there was no doubt as to what I could do, that the President would, I was sure, be mighty glad to send Lind at once to Carranza and get the whole mess over with. So I conveyed his request the same day to the Secretary of State, expecting, of course, that without hesitation he would grasp the opportunity to turn Lind's failure into success. Carranza

was anxious to quit, but did not dare or know how to let go, except in the manner planned, which would save himself and cause the Mexican government to condone his errors. Did Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan, the peace prophets, gladly grasp this opportunity to end the Mexican revolution in ten days, or rather permit it to end itself as it wished to? No, indeed! I was told that this would be a good way to end the trouble "if it were necessary," but that it was entirely unnecessary, as Lind had not failed in inducing Huerta to leave Mexico, but had succeeded to the letter as the whole world would know in a couple of days. (Huerta did not leave Mexico until more than a year later.) I told the Secretary that Lind had failed as he was foredoomed to fail, and that I would repeat the request of Carranza to him in a "couple of days," which I did, and several times, letting the President know it each time. Bryan grew more difficult to see, and more irritable when I did see him. He said to me one day, "Look here, if you were an ignorant man, there might be some excuse for your activities here, but you are not, but a very intelligent man, a man of parts, and familiar with the constitution and the body politic of the nation, and yet you come up here from Mexico and try to brush everything and everybody in the government aside, and compel your will to be done." I called his attention to the injustice of his accusation, and that I had come to Washington to compel nothing, but to help the Administration by advising, and giving it the benefit of my twenty years' knowledge of Mexico growing out of my business and residence there; that I had come to tell them truths that they were either ignorant of or were ignoring; and I was trying to prevent the danger to American life and to American property that through their blundering they were making an ever increasing danger; that I was trying to prevent an absolutely unnecessary armed intervention in Mexico which they were heading for.

The curtain having fallen on Carranza was raised

again in the same tragedy, but with a change of stage setting and an entirely new villain!

Enter "Pancho" Villa. Villa was a new one up here, but not unknown to Americans in Mexico, nor to the Mexicans. He was the Jesse James of Mexico, and Wilson promptly seized upon him to establish a Utopia in Mexico, and even went so far as to let the State Department prepare a biography which was not published, however, after Senator Lodge read into the Congressional Record of May 5th, 1914, the criminal record of the bandit.

It seems almost incredible that even Wilson could champion Villa, and I asked him why he could not treat the Mexican Government impersonally, and pointed out to him that it was a Government with its Federal and State Legislatures and all of its branches of Government.

In March, 1912, it was I who suggested placing the embargo against the selling of arms to the revolutionists in Mexico, and at the instigation of the entire Texas delegation, a bill doing so, was passed by joint resolution and signed by President Taft, all within 48 hours, and when I came to Washington in 1913, I fought continuously to keep this embargo on. A firm in Arizona were violating the embargo on a wholesale scale. They were indicted by the Grand Jury and held for trial. Mr. Wilson lifted the embargo on arms.

Because of the Monroe Doctrine, American Republics cannot borrow money abroad unless their Government is recognized by the United States. The reason is obvious. If an American Republic is not recognized by the United States and should borrow money abroad, we will say from French Bankers, for instance, and if that Government should repudiate the debt, or if that Government were overthrown and succeeded by another who repudiated the debt which had been created by the former Government, the French bankers could not ask France to seize the Customs until they were paid, because such an act would be in violation of the Monroe Doctrine, and the United States would interfere. Consequently, when Wilson refused to

recognize the Government of Mexico when Huerta was chosen as its Executive, he made it absolutely impossible for Huerta to borrow money.

When Huerta came into office, he found the treasury empty, although when Diaz resigned he left $68,000,000 in reserve. Madero had borrowed $40,000,000 more, and had collected from internal revenues and imports about $400,000,000 more, and had absolutely destroyed the nation's credit abroad, so Huerta found himself at the head of a Government with an empty Treasury and proceeded at once to negotiate a loan with which to meet Governmental expenses. He arranged such a loan, but was told by the bankers that they could only advance five per cent. of it, and would withhold the balance until he was recognized by the United States, so he found himself first cut off financially, and then blockaded so he could not get arms or munitions with which to put down the enemies of the Government who were destroying the country.

I should also like to make plain to you that while I have fallen into the habit of speaking of the outlawry and anarchy as "revolution," there was no Government and no purpose other than to fill coffers and to prey upon the defenceless. They said "they were fighting for liberty and constitution." Their idea of liberty is license unrestrained, and where nothing, not even the sacred honor of women or nuns, or the sacred houses of God, were sacred, but were all violated in the most unspeakable ways. You were told, and you read in all the newspapers and magazines when Huerta resigned, that the revolution had "triumphed." May I ask how the triumph comes in? It is true, Mr. Wilson did "get Huerta," but what has he given in the place of the Government, law and order that Huerta afforded and that Mr. Wilson tore down and destroyed? **The people are dying by the thousands of famine.** The good money of the country and **all coin** has been long ago stolen and then placed in foreign banks, and you can now buy $10,000,000 of Villa money for a $1.00 Confederate States of America bill.

The American flag throughout the world has been acknowledged the emblem of freedom and of liberty. Americans made it so and have kept it so. Chief among the freedoms and liberties for which we have always been taught that our flag stands are religious liberty and religious freedom. In addition to the defiling of the American flag by the wild beasts whom Wilson has assisted in destroying unhappy Mexico, there has been a constant violation and defiling of churches; and Christ on the cross has been dragged through the streets by Wilson's "Patriots," and nuns in convents have been outraged by hundreds and hundreds. These cases have been sworn and attested to by the leading clergy in Mexico and this country, and by U. S. army officers in Mexico.

In my protests against the threatened lifting of the embargo on arms and munitions for these outlaws, there were added very angry protests in the Senate and House of Congress along the same lines, in which it was pointed out to Mr. Wilson that besides the use of same by these outlaws for the killing of Americans in Mexico, and sniping American soldiers across the border, that it would only be a question of time when the people whom Wilson was championing would be using these arms and munitions to kill our American soldiers when it would be found necessary to send them to Mexico.

Summing up I charge Mr. Wilson, regardless of what his motives may have been, or the influences that may have controlled or actuated him, as being directly responsible for the hideous destruction of Mexico, and the ruin and sorrow of those who are victims of his dictatorship in the sovereign rights of Mexico. Its people are starving to death. There is no laughter there; **there has been no laughter there except the hideous and sardonic laughter of criminal bandits.**

When the question is asked, as it often is, "What is the matter with Mexico," we can reply: "Wilson—that's all."

DO INTERESTS WANT INTERVENTION?

To the Editor of THE FORUM:—May an American who has lived continuously in Mexico during all of the recent revolutionary period, correct a few misstatements made by Mr. Modesto Rolland in your July number?

Mr. Rolland has written a strong article in support of the socialistic features of the Carranza Government, but he has allowed his intensity of feeling to lead him to make statements at once damaging to Americans in Mexico and to his own cause; for they weaken his argument, being incorrect. He says:

> " . . . the majority of Americans . . . in our country, plead for intervention in order to forward their individual schemes and interests. I do not make accusations lightly, since it is a well-known fact that the Americans resident in Mexico are in general Republicans with the desire of intervention. It is not so very long since the entire American population in Tampico made public confession that they had aided the Republicans with money, and urgently requested assurance and protection for the immense wealth in petroleum that they had obtained there from the former Mexican Government for nothing. . . ."

The writer came recently from Mexico on a boat with American refugees. The feeling of the majority of these ruined people was still against intervention in Mexico by the United States. **The great majority of Americans in Mexico have always opposed intervention,** for many reasons, from moral grounds to the most sordid grounds of personal interest, and especially from the feeling that after intervention would come a carpet-bag American Government of the most harmful type, headed by Americans suffering from the illusion of to-day. To-day's illusion is, that Americans in Mexico have made all the trouble, are adventurers and, to quote a frequent expression from the New York "World," are "filibusters in oil, mines and water-power." The Americans who went to Mexico to honestly extend American Trade in the only effective way would prefer to be governed by local representatives, of a responsible Mexican Government, who understand them, rather than by well-meaning uninformed Americans coming with the preconceived idea that their countrymen are "Interests," crooks and troublemakers. Contrary to the mass of literature disseminated during the past three years in support of the Policy of our administration, **the fact is that intervention would be directly opposed to the interests of American residents of Mexico,** as well as to their higher sentiments toward the nation in which they have made their homes.

Mr. Rolland's "well known fact that the Americans resident in Mexico are in general Republicans" is a tremendous error. The very fact that over **80% of them hail from Texas and our Southern States,** and the remaining percentage is divided in political preferences just as all Northern men are always divided, will prove to the most casual observer that **the American Colony in Mexico is overwhelmingly Democratic in sympathy.**

His statement that "it is not so very long since the entire American population in Tampico made public confession that they had aided the Republicans with money" is unfounded—unless "not so very long since" means over six years ago, when the writer first resided in Tampico. No such occurrence ever took place. In the Tampico District there is a greater percentage of Texans than in any other part of Mexico, for the Texas oil producers and drillers are there in numbers. To dispel the illusion Mr. Rolland has created in this statement, it is sufficient to ask

him for the date and place of the meeting he refers to, where the public confession was made, and how the "entire American population" of Tampico was ever brought together on anything.

"The immense wealth in petroleum that they had obtained there from the former Mexican Government for nothing."

This is, to be restrained, a most inexact statement. It is true that the Madero Government did issue one "concession" to drill on river-banks and other federal lands, to favorites, later transferred, to one American Company; but this grant has been annulled. In every other case, Americans have drilled in privately owned lands, bought or generally leased at high figures from the Mexican owners, under the Mexican Law. There is not a producing well in Mexico on any but privately-owned land. Even the few companies holding "concessions" produce exclusively from privately owned lands, their "concessions" giving them only the right for free importation of machinery and exemption from special taxes for ten years—which last guaranty has been overridden by the three last governments of Mexico. **No American Company has any petroleum wealth obtained from any former Mexican Government. Not one has any petroleum wealth obtained for nothing. Mr. Rolland is not known to have been in Tampico for over eighteen months.** He spoke from hearsay. While we Americans have been in sympathy with Mr. Rolland's crusade against American intervention, we do object to being made the objects of misstatements that hurt; especially when such misstatements tend to discredit the argument against intervention that needs no misstatements of fact to make it sound. **Mr. Rolland has fallen under the influence of the built-up illusion that Americans in Mexico, the "interests," or the "sinister influences" are fomenting war or intervention between the United States and Mexico.** American newspapers spreading this illusion have frequently been asked to specify the "interests" referred to. An exhaustive Senate investigation was held in 1912, to prove the illusion of that time that American "Interests" had been back of the then recent Mexican disturbances. The eminent commission found there was no foundation for their suspicions, and that all the Mexican disturbance was Mexican made. Nor can the papers that to-day disclaim the stirring up of Intervention by American "Interests" specify their "Interests," either. The fact is, **American "Interests" working for Intervention do not exist.** So the papers refuse to give a bill of particulars, but keep making the general statement.

A most excellent way for the Constitutionalist Government to avoid intervention would be, to do as Porfirio Diaz did, in circumstances exactly parallel to conditions of to-day: By disciplined military force **to prevent outrages and raids on American citizens and properties.** War will come only from some new outrage to "Remember." To make ill-considered and unfounded charges against Americans legally residing in Mexico, making a greater distribution of income among the laborers than any other class or nationality, and asking only such rights as the Laws of Mexico grant to them, does not help the cause to which Mr. Rolland, and we, are inclined.

W. B.

CONDITIONS FOR AN ARMY IN MEXICO

THE greatest stumbling-block that confronts us in our handling of Mexico, is sentimentalism, born of a misunderstanding of the Mexican peoples. We are confronted with that at home. Sentimentalism cost us the lives of American soldiers in the Philippines and Cuba, and it threatens to delay the solution of the Mexican muddle.

But with the die cast, there can be no wobbling on Mexico.

What confronts us? A chaotic broken country in the hands of armed bandits who have no other occupation, no other means of livelihood and to whom a dollar and a half a day paper money with unlimited license to loot, is the bait held out to them by their officers.

We are confronted with a Mexican army of 150,000 men under arms, men who have been under fire for six years, men recruited from the banditti and riffraff of Mexico. Among this horde of armed outlaws are a few of the young officers who have ideals, but they are swept into the mêlée through a mistaken sense of patriotism. The army that spreads its talons over Mexico includes 30,000 or 40,000 Zapatistas. They are at present under the command of Zapata and will lustily fall in at any call to fight. To-day, they hold the mountain fastnesses, cities and towns, South of the City of Mexico.

The most potent strength of Obregon's army—and Obregon is a descendant of an O'Brien—according to his own statement made to the writer, is the Yaqui Indians. These illiterate natives, born to fight, are responsible for his first great victory over Villa when he dealt a blow from which the bandit chief never recovered. This was at Celaya. These fighters are ignorant Indians, raised in the Sierra Madre mountains of South East Sonora and South West Chihuahua. They shoot without any unnecessary waste of lead and they still retain the habits of their childhood, when their fathers would give them a car-

tridge, worth fifteen to twenty cents, and tell them to bring home a deer—or not come home. The loss of a cartridge would mean disgrace. They learned early to shoot, and when they shoot, they shoot straight.

At least seventy or eighty per cent. of the Mexican army is mounted. The cavalry horse is drawn from the native mustang. They are very hardy and available for army service wherever the Mexican can loot them. With the exception of the Indian, the ambition of the Mexican soldier is to fight on a horse.

In Northern Mexico, the army of Trevino—who is of German origin—is equipped with machine guns from the United States. These are largely of a variety of manufacture which does not jam like the American gun. The guns are not of recent acquirement but have been in use over a period of several years, and their operators are skilled in handling them.

Trevino's heavy artillery is of the best grade. Much of it was bought in Germany. The troops move these guns very rapidly with the aid of horses, mules and men. They can move through the country three times as rapidly as outsiders could, as they are not burdened with a commissary department and field hospitals. Their commissary department consists of the individual soldier's mother and his daughters, who follow the army wherever they go. I have seen but one instance in fighting where the women were left behind, and that was at the time the butcher Diegues attacked Guadalajara with his 22,000 men. These were largely composed of Yaqui Indians; and they left the women behind during that engagement.

Obregon's method was to draw out big lines of Yaqui Indians in their holes and wait for Villa's cavalry, and when Villa's cavalry got in among them, he threw out wings and came in behind them. He took 5,000 prisoners. Villa escaped by the skin of his teeth.

Obregon, who is Minister of War and Commander in Chief of the Mexican Army, is a very keen, intelligent,

straight-thinking, clear-thinking man. He has very little to say. The army worships him on account of his personal bravery. He rides out in the outposts, encouraging every Indian. Obregon has unquestionably learned lessons from the European war and will put modern tactics into effect.

There are several munition factories in Mexico. The troops are armed with Remingtons. Obregon formerly got his munitions through Vera Cruz and Tampico. Some of his ammunitions came over the American border. It is probable, however, that large quantities of rifles and ammunitions have come in from the United States in the past year.

Within the past two years the Japanese have landed large consignments of the Japanese Mausers which were delivered to Carranza. Even though the peons flock to the colors, it is not probable that Obregon, even with his present supply, could equip a very much larger army than he now holds, if the ports of Mexico were properly blockaded.

In the case of invasion, the peaceful peon class would readily rally to a call to arms. It is probable that Obregon could call to arms half a million men, but he could equip only a small proportion of them at once.

The progress of an army in Mexico must be slow. The large cities of Mexico are fortified. These fortifications consist of trenches, earth works, wire entanglements, stone walls. These fortifications would be destroyed by artillery, but troops must cross a desert arid country to reach them. We must carry full commissary supplies; and the question of water is a serious one. It could only be overcome by keeping the railroads open or rebuilding them and bringing through a constant supply.

From practically the whole length of the American border south to the City of Mexico, troops would pass over an arid plateau, about 5,000 feet above sea level. The days are hot, the atmosphere being rarefied and under the direct rays of the sun, but the nights are cool.

This central plateau is punctuated by ranges of mountains and hills which cross it, and in some cases troops would have to go through narrow mountain passes or go around the mountain ranges. In some places these mountains rise to 10,000 feet. Zacatecas, some 250 miles from Mexico City, is one of the most strongly fortified cities of Mexico.

All the railroads in Mexico are in terrible condition because the advancing army lays down the rails any way, no new ties are laid, and for the past six years the railroads have been repeatedly destroyed and relaid in slap dash fashion. The Mexican retreating army destroys all bridges. The railroads and bridges would practically have to be rebuilt.

Mexico has been looted by its politicians and its brigand soldiers. A billion dollars worth of mining property has gone into the dump heap, mostly of American ownership. The great hardware trade, owned by the Germans, is destroyed; the warehouses and stores pilfered. The big dry-goods business owned by the French has ceased to exist. The oil business is in a turmoil. The whole country is at the point of the reckless bandits' gun.

The only solution of the Mexican situation is for an army to pacify Mexico, crush the banditti, and repeat the tactics in Cuba. The country is entirely in the grip of this marauding army of jail birds, led by ambitious adventurers. To those who have lived in Mexico and know Mexico, and who have no axe to grind, there is no other answer to the chaos that now reigns than forcible pacification. The population of Mexico, aside from the military class, which includes the government, would welcome law and order. Only a settled definite policy of constructive government, backed by strong administration of Mexican affairs, will ever give to Mexican people the opportunity to work out their own destiny and develop the vast wealth that awaits the hand of industry. **Mexico must be freed of foreign politics, foreign meddling and foreign propaganda.**

THE TRUE STORY OF MADERO'S DEATH

"CHAVACANO"

So many contradictory stories have gone out about Madero's death that THE FORUM asked an American, who was in Mexico City that night, to give as accurate an account of the tragedy as is known. Two of the writer's friends were among the few permitted to view the body of the dead chief.

I HAVE often been asked by people interested in Mexican affairs whether I thought Madero was killed as officially stated, or whether he was deliberately murdered, and if he was murdered, at whose instigation it was done.

Huerta during the ten days of street-fighting in Mexico City in February, 1913, was in command of Madero's forces. He was ordered to capture the government arsenal, called the Ciudadela, or Citadel, which had been seized and fortified by the revolutionists, Felix Diaz and Manuel Mondragon, but it quickly became plain that Huerta had no intention of carrying out his orders, for his attacks were conducted in such a way as to ensure their failure. One need not be a trained soldier to realize that cavalry mounted on half-starved horses, marching in column through streets paved with slippery asphalt, cannot successfully assail three-story houses held by an enemy armed with machine-guns. Yet this is precisely what Huerta sent his cavalry to do. They had been hurried by train from Michoacan to the capital; both men and animals had fared badly on the journey and arrived in an exhausted state and were immediately sent against the Revolutionists' artillery. I, myself, talked with some of the men a few minutes after their repulse, and even the most stupid of them felt that they had been ruthlessly sacrificed.

Desultory fighting continued until February 18th. The besieged mutineers from time to time made sorties, and there were frequent skirmishes in the streets between them and the Federals, whose artillery kept blazing away industriously but with little effect upon the Citadel. For non-combatants, the situation was becoming serious. Not only were there many casualties among them from stray missiles, but the food supply was running short, the market-gardeners being afraid to venture into the city with their produce; the distribution of milk was attended with great risk; the water service was curtailed; the sick lay untended and the dead unburied.

To end this state of affairs, efforts to induce Madero to resign were made by prominent Mexicans, seconded by members of the diplomatic corps. Madero refused. He argued that he was the legally appointed head of the Mexican government and that it was his duty to defend his post. To resign because a mutiny had broken out in the Capital would be to put a premium on future revolutions, as it would indicate that the presidency of the Republic was the prize of any adventurer who might succeed in creating an armed disturbance in Mexico City. He regretted the suffering

caused by the fighting, but he maintained that the fault lay not with him, but with those who had conspired to overthrow him.

The man who held the key to the situation was Victoriano Huerta. Of the men under him few felt any loyalty toward Madero, who was hated by the military clique. Such commands as did appear to be loyal were either sacrificed, as in the case of the Michoacan cavalry, or were sent out of the city to hunt imaginary Zapatista bands. The arrival of the 29th Battalion, from a notoriously reactionary corps from Toluca, placed the balance of power completely in Huerta's hands. He now threw off all disguise.

On February 18th, he was dining with Gustavo Madero, President Madero's brother, at the Gambrinus Restaurant. During the meal he rose and excused himself upon some pretext, and as he was leaving he borrowed Madero's pistol, alleging that he had forgotten his own. A few minutes later, he returned to the restaurant at the head of a squad of soldiers, and placed Madero under arrest. Simultaneously, Francisco Madero, the president, was seized at the Palace, though only after a desperate struggle, in which he killed one of his assailants. Word of the occurrence was carried to both armies and the firing soon ceased.

Huerta immediately entered into communication with the garrison of the Citadel. He intimated that with the removal of Madero from office the object of the revolution had been attained and that any further fighting would be a wholly useless waste of life. He was disposed to enter into any reasonable agreement with Diaz and Mondragon regarding the appointment of a provisional president, to hold office until an election could be held, and for the purpose of discussing the details he invited them to meet him at the National Palace. Diaz and Mondragon were quite willing to parley, but insisted that the conference take place in the Citadel; this arrangement did not suit Huerta who had no intention of putting himself into their power, for he trusted them as little as they trusted him. Both sides were obdurate, and it seemed as though hostilities would be resumed, when our Ambassador, Mr. Henry Lane Wilson, came to the rescue, and suggested that the conference take place at the American Embassy, which was in effect neutral territory and where both sides might feel safe.

The conference accordingly was held there that night and lasted until well into the morning. The agreement finally arrived at was, that Huerta should assume the provisional presidency of Mexico and that as speedily as possible an election should be called, by which Felix Diaz was to be made president. No allowance appears to have been made for the wishes of the Mexican voter.

Gustavo Madero, who had been captured that afternoon, was turned over to Mondragon and his Tlalpam Cadets, who shot him down in cold blood that same night. But ex-President Madero and Pino Suarez, his vice-president, were held in the National Palace by Huerta. During the four days which followed they were treated with the utmost harshness, the most ordinary comforts being denied them. I have been told by a Mexican family, who were intimate with Pino Suarez, that during their last days the prisoners were not allowed so much as beds to sleep in, but were obliged to spend the night on couches with only their overcoats for covering; anyone who knows what the climate of Mexico City in February is, will readily appreciate what this means.

Already it was plain that the two factions, Huerta on the one side and Diaz and Mondragon on the other, were not working in harmony. The former kept his headquarters in the National Palace; the latter kept theirs in the Citadel. Strong bodies of troops were kept under arms in and about both buildings, with artillery placed so as to sweep all approaches. Presently, the stronger personality of Huerta asserted itself. On February 21st he was formally proclaimed provisional president of Mexico, and during the night of the 22nd, Madero and Suarez, while being transported from the Palace to the Federal Penitentiary, a mile or so away, were both shot to death.

The official account of this occurrence stated that while the prisoners were being transported to the penitentiary, an attempt was made to rescue them, and in the firing which followed both were accidentally killed. This clumsy lie, and insult to the meanest intelligence, was brought by Mr. de la Barra, former provisional president and cabinet officer of Mexico to our Ambassador, Mr. Wilson, and, I regret to say, was promptly endorsed by him.

Huerta's malice pursued Madero into the grave; for by his order the remains of the ex-president were swathed in a convict's shroud, stamped with the seal of the Federal Penitentiary. This detail was related to me by two American women, life-long friends of Madero, who attended the funeral. Both women corroborated each other absolutely in this matter, and they told me that the fact that the coffin, the top of which was partly of glass, was locked, and the presence of an armed guard, prevented Madero's relatives from removing the shameful garment.

I was no admirer of Madero. I was always of the opinion that in trying to inaugurate a new régime in Mexico he was attempting to play a rôle for which he was in every way unfitted. His visionary projects brought disaster upon himself and upon his country. But I do not, on that account, agree with the apologists of Huerta. I can see in his behavior nothing but treason of the blackest sort toward his president and an appalling indifference to the lives of the men under his command. His treacherous seizure of Gustavo Madero, his brutality toward Francisco Madero and Suarez while they were his prisoners and the gratuitous insults heaped upon their dead bodies were all of one piece. And while they lived, they were emphatically his prisoners and no one else's; had he wished, he could have afforded them ample protection. Instead, he sent them out of the palace with an escort of five men, commanded by one Cardenas, a notorious cut-throat; and they went to their death.

MEXICAN CURRENCY

In the very near future the United States will undoubtedly be asked to finance Mexico. During the recent revolutionary period, printing presses were kept going full steam issuing paper money. This paper money must be either redeemed or repudiated. An engineer in Mexico describes the system of currency.

WHEN I was in Mexico City in February, there was an operette playing there called "The Land of Pasteboard Pin-money," designed as a burlesque on the fifty-seven varieties of currency which at present form the circulating medium of the republic. It may be worth while to glance at these.

American drafts and American greenbacks and gold are naturally desired by all. Drafts on the United States command a slight premium over our currency; because remittances may be made to the United States in this form without danger of theft.

Next in order of desirability to American exchange and currency, are Mexican gold and silver. Mexican gold has become so rare as to have acquired an almost numismatic interest. Those who have it hide it, using it only to pay certain taxes for which the government refuses to accept its own paper currency. The Mexican silver peso and the smaller fractional currency of silver, nickel and copper, have disappeared from circulation.

Bank bills have also disappeared. This circulation included notes of practically all the chartered banks of Mexico. These notes no longer circulate, but they are dealt in by the money changers, and each has a distinct and fluctuating value.

The paper peso, or bilimbique, as it is called, is the present circulating medium of Mexico. There is nothing behind this currency except the promise of the Constitutional Provisional Government to redeem it. The government admits that the present issue has reached a total of 500,000,000 pesos. It is also estimated that the present daily issue necessary to pay the army and civil officials

reaches the sum of 300,000 pesos a day. Carranza in a recent pronouncement stated that the present gold reserve was 5,000,000 pesos; so that the present (March 9) exchange value of the paper peso, which is 3.05 gold cents, would seem to be optimistic when viewed only in the light on this slender reserve.

The problem of fractional currency has proved a serious one owing to the wear to which small change is naturally subjected. Bills of fifty cents are common; those of twenty cents are rare. These bills are supplemented by cartones or pieces of pasteboard about the size of a street-car ticket, printed in denominations of 20, 10, and 5 centavos. The amount of this small change in circulation has proved totally inadequate and various ways have been found to augment it. In Guadalajara and its environs, this problem has been met by the use of street-car tickets. These are worth five centavos and are printed on a thick, felt-like paper, which is extremely durable. One, two, and five peso bills are so rare that they command a premium of ten per cent. over bills of larger denominations.

The Mexican Government has recently had printed by the New York Bank Note Company, a new issue of bills known as infalsificables because of the difficulty which would be experienced in counterfeiting them. The government proposes to set aside certain revenues and a fund of 5,000,000 pesos, gold, already in its possession, to form a redemption fund for its new issue; but it is doubtful whether the revenue from the sources indicated, with the industry and commerce of the country paralyzed, will keep pace with the expenditure of paper necessitated by the large standing and reclining army. If the government assumes one of the new infalsificable paper pesos to be worth as much as several of the bilimbique paper pesos, such a basis of redemption may diminish the amount of the present outstanding promissory paper.

A decree recently issued, prohibits the acquisition of real property by foreigners during the present interregnum. In the meantime, foreigners must not buy lands

from Mexicans. The view of the government is that Mexicans impoverished by the revolution, may be tempted to sell at sacrifice prices to Americans and other foreigners; and this has indeed, often been the case. The decree is certainly not an unwise one, but it has the effect of depressing exchange, as there were a certain number of adventurous American speculators picking up bargains in real estate in Mexico. Their money is no longer being converted into bilimbiques.

The bilimbique is a currency non grata. The merchant who refuses it is subject to arrest. He accepts it and is immediately confronted with the problem of what to do with it. Until recently, the merchant solved this problem by investing his accumulated bilimbiques in land; but the merchants of Mexico are Germans, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, and the new decree while aimed at Americans also forbids them from acquiring real estate.

The manufacturer, who has found it possible to continue operating in Mexico, solves the problem by getting rid of his bilimbiques in a somewhat different way. He invests accumulating surplus in raw material. He reasons that raw materials have intrinsic value and that, after all, there is a chance that they may not be stolen from him.

The Mexican peon lives near the soil. He is stoical. Tales, many of them doubtless true, are told of his starvation. Certainly in regions where the farms have not been devastated, the peon's sufferings have not reached the stage of acute famine. He has barter to fall back upon and the charity of more prosperous compadres to tide him over an extremity.

It is the middle class, the people of the cities and larger towns, clerks, conductors, barbers, artisans, that have suffered most from the depreciation of the currency. Wages have not risen as rapidly as the peso has declined. A clerk receiving 100 pesos a month which was equivalent to $50.00 may, if fortunate, have had his salary increased to 200 pesos worth $6.00. A motorman of the street railways getting 1.75 pesos, which was 0.87 cents, now re-

ceives 2.50 pesos per day, which is 8 cents. A mason or mechanic who earned 2.50 pesos a day, which was $1.25, now receives 5 pesos, which is 15 cents. A barber will shave a man for from two to three cents, while the same tonsorial operation used to cost from 10 to 12½ cents. On the other hand, it would be overstating the case of these employees to measure their remunerations only in terms of exchange. Their condition is somewhat alleviated, due to the fact that the local purchasing power of the bilimbique has not fallen at as rapid a rate as its exchange value. While a bilimbique peso will only purchase three cents in gold, it will buy ten street-car rides or five oranges. Ten pesos pays for acceptable board and room in a good hotel. Rents have not risen greatly, and a residence of from seven to ten rooms in one of the stylish colonies of Guadalajara will only cost the tenant from $1.50 to $3.00 gold per month. What has just been said with respect to wages and prices applies strictly only to central and southern Mexico. Near the northern border, American contact has made prices and wages generally higher.

In Orizaba, which is one of the manufacturing cities of the republic where jute, cotton, cloth, beer and cigars are made, the walls are covered with posters announcing meetings of the labor unions. Discontent is rife. Serious strikes are bound to occur there and in other industrial centers of Mexico. A period of turbulent readjustment of wages to the new depreciated value of the peso seems inevitable.

The fact is that bilimbique has permitted debtors and tenants to escape from their obligations. Several years ago a German cigar manufacturer of Orizaba bought a factory subject to an incumbrance of about 50,000 pesos or $25,000, and recently was able to discharge that obligation with 50,000 bilimbique pesos worth, only a small fraction of the amount borrowed. The hotel where I live is leased by the landlord at a rental of 600 pesos per month.

He is at present meeting that rental in bilimbiques worth about $18.

The Mexican national debt must amount to at least 1,000,000,000 silver pesos, and interest charges against it are being annually defaulted. These revenues were largely derived from indirect taxes contingent on business activity, and business has been paralyzed by lack of transportation facilities and political uncertainty. The bilimbique is worth three cents to day. When it ceases to be worth that and the soldiers can no longer buy cigarettes with their wages, what will they do? The disbanding of this army will prove a delicate problem. Its officers are largely recruited from the lower classes. They will be reluctant to beat their swords into plowshares. Shoulder-straps, shoes, swords, automobiles and military authority have become very dear to them. They will quite naturally resist a return to the circumscribed occupations from which they rose and which are all for which their training and education fit them in civil life.

The question that agitates the minds of the thoughtful in Mexico is whether the country can escape bankruptcy and the consequent anarchy of her army. The Carranza Government has done much. Railroad service has been restored. Communication, both mail and telegraph, has been reopened. The cities and larger towns are protected from bandits. Headway has been made against the organized rebels in the southern part of the republic. The problem of constructive finance, however, is the one by which Carranza and Mexico must rise or fall. This problem complicated by an inability to secure credit abroad is a most difficult one. A successful solution of it will transmute bilimbiques and bandits into coin and citizens. A failure will rob Mexico of her last chance for independent, internally effected reconstruction.

THE COLLAPSE OF OUR MILITIA

Showing How Our Volunteer System Works

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

FOR defence, our country has always depended upon an enormous faith in the school-book idea that "America can lick the world," that a million men could rise over night and drive the invader from our shores. Of course, we have a highly efficient navy. In size, there are only three other navies in the world superior. By the immutable laws of naval warfare, any one of these three grand fleets could sink ours, but the three nations are our friends. We also depend for defence upon an army. To be sure, it is a pitifully small army. But then it is backed up by the militia.

We like the idea of the militia because most of us never have taken the trouble to find out what the militia is. It is composed of our young men. It only takes them out one night in the week; it's very nice. "My son has met so many nice fellows there." But the trouble with the militia is, that it is neither fish, nor fowl. It's not a good club; and it certainly is not a good force as fighting forces are known in these days. The mobilization on the Mexican frontier has again shown how inadequate the militia is. Yet that is no new story. For the moment, let us go back:

In the Revolutionary War the struggle dragged on because George Washington was never able to put anything near our full military strength in the field. This was because Washington was depending upon militia. In his letters and speeches, he decried militia troops. Did the men of that day pay any attention to the lessons of the Revolutionary War? From her window, almost two score years later, Dolly Madison watched our American militia again in action. She saw them fleeing, racing about in panic-stricken groups; 5,000 of them had been opposed to 1,500 trained soldiers of Great Britain. At the

first few volleys, the 5,000 militia men fled. Washington was sacked; the capitol burned. We had depended on militia for our defence.

The War of 1812 is filled with glaring disgraces of this kind. An expeditionary force had crossed into Canada where they were attacked by superior numbers. Just across the river from them, on American soil, sulked a large body of American militia men. These militia men were ordered to go to the rescue of their comrades in Canada. They refused; saying that they had enlisted only for fighting in their own state. And these militia men looked across the river and saw their comrades routed.

In the Spanish-American War, we learned another lesson about the militia. One very prominent regiment refused to go to war because the War Department decided that it was wise to replace the partly trained militia officers of that regiment with regular army officers. From the militia view, such a thing was not "clubby." It must be understood that militia regiments being not real parts of a fighting machine are but social organizations. So this "social" regiment stayed home. The point is, that the militia's part in our military organization is such that any regiment could stay home.

Another New York regiment, after passing through all the horrors of fever camps, rotten meat, and pneumonia, of the mobilization in 1898, finally got to the front. It was told to advance at San Juan Hill. One battalion of this regiment, upon going under fire, became panic-stricken and broke. The officers tried to get the men up, they refused and cowered on their stomachs in the long grass. **A regiment of the United States Regular Army, negro troops, came up on the run. As they passed the militia, hiding in the grass, the negroes reached out to step upon them and turning around, spat down on them.** Then the negroes went on up San Juan Hill. Did we learn anything by our militia experiences of the Spanish-American War?

When war with Mexico threatened, the militia

mobilized. Parades were held, flags were waved. There was the usual sentimental slobber in the newspapers—and more than two weeks elapsed, before the first New York militia regiment reached the Mexican Border. And the New York State militia is supposed to be the best in the country. What happened?

None of the regiments was up to war strength. Men had to be recruited in great numbers. None of the regiments had enough equipment. There was a shortage of shoes, uniforms, and camp utensils. Field artillery and cavalry regiments did not have enough horses. They had enough to parade on Fifth Avenue but not enough to go to war. As an officer in one New York squadron said: "We finally had to dig down in our own pockets and buy the horses, or we never would have gotten away at all."

One field artillery spent two weeks up in Van Cortlandt Park. They were waiting for horses. The men were so inexperienced in handling horses, that a private was kicked to death. On the way to Camp Whitman, militia soldiers were constantly being picked up by the field ambulances. Most of them had sore feet, or were prostrated. They were soft. Lack of equipment, lack of organization, lack of everything, characterized the mobilization of the militia last month. And these with the regular army form our first line defence. This is the military organization upon which in the event of foreign invasion our citizens would have to depend for defence.

What are the reasons for this condition? Why didn't the militia have shoes? That would seem to put it up to the regular army authorities.

"For the real delays in mobilization and the real difficulties," said General O'Ryan, "the army is not responsible. No persons are responsible. The rotten system alone is to blame, and every one concerned has done his best under that system. It must be changed. Material up to war strength must be taken to armories in peace times, fitted to the men and then held against the day of mobilization."

At the issuance of the mobilization orders, the regular army authorities began to send needed supplies to the militia. These had to come from distant points, where equipment is stored. But why didn't the regular army have this equipment stored in the militia armories, so that when needed, the militiamen could get them at once?

This is why:

The militia has never cared for federal property. Shoes given the militia by the War Department to be used only for regimental purposes have been worn by militiamen to work every day. No care has been taken of clothing supplies. Thousands of dollars worth have been ruined by moths. Thousands of firearms have been permitted to rust. Militia pleasure campers have borrowed tents and army camp equipment. Revolvers, blankets, hats, have in some states freely been loaned to outsiders. "The expenditure on cocaine, morphine, whiskey and brandy by sanitary troops of certain states has been over and over any possible demand for supplies of this character," so says an official statement.

Militia organizations have been tabulated as not affording the War Department proper protection against theft of the equipment given them. In Mississippi, a few years ago, the number of rifles lost would have been enough to equip an entire regiment. The militia of Alabama was almost as delinquent in care of its firearms. **It is a known fact in Washington that equipment of the militia of these Southern States crossed the border and is now being used by Mexican troops.** War Department property amounting to $1,352,761, has been lost, or made useless, by militia organizations in this country within the last few years.

That is why the Federal Government does not trust the militia in peace time with any more equipment than it has to. That is why government supplies are kept in charge of government officers and not given until actual mobilization orders are issued. Judging from the way the militia regiments take care of their equipment, it would

have taken months, instead of weeks, to get them down the Mexican Border, if all the supplies necessary for war had been turned over to them in peace time.

The whole militia idea is a fallacy. Military experts agree that militiamen should receive only the highest praise. They are not to blame; it is the system. The men, at least, do something.

Militia is directly in the hands of the politicians in the different states. It can only be called out by the Governor, who of course is a politician, or who is surrounded by politicians. State Adjutant Generals of militia are all politicians. **It was the State Adjutant Generals who, working through the State Political machines, cut off the head of Lindley Garrison, ex-Secretary of War. They were at the bottom of his resignation. In his "continental army" scheme they saw a blow aimed at the militia.** In his speeches, they caught the sincere thoughts that showed the underlying way Garrison was thinking; that showed his convictions to be, that the only just and efficient system of army defence is universal service. This meant the abolition of the militia. The politicians were in a panic.

In Buffalo the 65th Infantry Regiment there has an armory that a wealthy prince would prize. It looks like a castle and it costs $1,374,316. There were about 750 men in this regiment when the mobilization orders to Mexico were issued. Now that is waste of the worst kind. It is typical of the militia.

Some persons have the idea that one of the first things a soldier should know, is how to shoot. It is generally supposed that an enemy is going to shoot at him. The last figures available on the National Guard of America, showed **that 90,845 men had rifles. Of these, only 34 4-5 per cent. were able to qualify as second-class marksmen. In only eight of our forty-nine states, is the shooting of the militia at all satisfactory.** In Mississippi, for example, **out of 1,467 riflemen, but 7 qualified as expert marksmen.** From an army report one reads the following about the militia: "Sixty per cent. of the entire number armed with a

rifle cannot be considered efficient for battle purposes." A form of indoor sport in the militia armories is gallery practice at fifty feet. At this absurd distance where in modern war rifle-fire is inaccurate, less than one quarter of the militiamen even qualified. In the field artillery of the militia, there are 6,687 men. Last year 136 received the rating of first-class gunners; forty-nine as second-class gunners, the rest fell down. The War Department gave the militia $114,000 worth of ammunition for target practice with the field guns. Despite this, almost half the batteries in America were unable to qualify as much as a single gunner. And these militia field batteries in the event of war, are supposed by their accurate fire to destroy the enemy's positions, so that when our infantry advances, it won't be slaughtered. One wouldn't care to be in the infantry supported by such artillery work.

In the last thirteen years, the government has spent $60,000,000 on the militia. For this, they have to-day, about 129,000 men on the rolls—on paper. Past mobilizations have shown it; the present one is showing it. Less than 100,000 militiamen can be depended upon to join their regiments. One hundred thousand men, at a cost of $5,000,000 a year; that comes to $50 a soldier. These soldiers are untrained; also they live at home and pay all their sleeping and eating expenses. Switzerland spends $8,500,000 a year, and has 250,000 trained troops always under arms. Here's the difference. We drill 715 militiamen of Buffalo in a building costing more than a million dollars. Switzerland uses inexpensive drill halls, the open air, and stores the uniform equipment in cheap buildings.

Let us see for a moment what this means. At least the British field artillery had gunners. Yet at the battle of Neuve Chapelle, the British losses were caused by their artillery firing on their own infantry.

On the other hand, the militia coast artillery is quite efficient. It has a higher standard than any other arm of the militia service.

The trouble is, that there are forty-nine sovereign

states. They have forty-nine militia bodies. Each state runs the militia the way it pleases.

Let us consider the disorganization of the militia! It has power to do what it likes, regardless of the military necessities of the country and of the regular army officers whose one business in life it is, to know war. In the campaign against the Filipinos, an officer belonging to a militia regiment of a Western state, committed a serious offense in the field. He was court-martialed. He was dismissed from the army. He returned to the United States. The Governor of his state reappointed him to the militia and gave him a higher command.

When Theodore Roosevelt was Governor of New York state, he ordered the court-martial of a militia colonel. In an engagement of the Spanish-American War, this militia colonel with his regiment in disorder disappeared in the jungle and was found by regular army men sitting under a tree, bewildered. Politics killed the court-martial.

New York state paid $100,000 for a drill ground at Van Cortlandt. It bought this land in 1901. Occasionally it was used by the New York Militia for reviews and other spectacles. Last year, for the first time, a brigade drill was attempted there. The manoeuvres at Van Cortlandt are always held in warm weather. Wars, however, have a way of being fought in winter as well. Not a single militia regiment has ever tried to dig a trench at Van Cortlandt when the ground was frozen.

One little item in the newspapers the other day told the whole story. There was an uproar because some New York militia regiments had to leave for Mexico in day coaches instead of Pullman cars. The newspapers later announced with great satisfaction that Pullman cars had been added to the train at some city on route. Our militia regiments move on feather-beds. When Europe mobilized, regiments went to war in day coaches and freight cars. Yet we liked to think ourselves as being the one big, strong, manly race in the world.

After all, Militia regiments are clubs. Without the social affairs, there would be few men belonging to militia regiments. Many New York armories have better buildings than the Staff Headquarters of the most efficient army in the world. These New York armories, by the way, represent an expenditure of $15,000,000; $15,000,000 would buy 3,750 light field guns. Wars have a way of being won with artillery, not with palatial club houses.

Also politics is such a blight upon the militia, that it creates conditions such as Captain Richard Stockton, Jr., of the New Jersey National Guard, who like most militia officers wants to better the system, describes: "The militia system compels us to serve under officers who are appointed for political or social reasons to positions far above our heads, when we know that many of them could not lead a corporal squad in extended order. At present political and social favor can get a man high rank and keep it for him, while under an efficient system, such men would lose their positions. The high-ranking, made-over-night officers are opposing all plans of efficiency. The same system compels us to retain the improper feature of having **officers and non-commissioned officers dependent upon the votes of their subordinates for promotion.**"

Consider that last! **A militia company votes for its officers.** The men it likes, those who are good fellows, become lieutenants and captains. An officer should be created for one thing only—his ability as an officer.

General Upton, in his brilliant book on the American Army, says, "that **for inexperienced officers to lead men into battle is little short of murder.**" The Upton book is accepted by the General Staffs of big European armies. And our militia votes for the men who are going to lead them into battle.

To cope with an invasion, we have a movable army of about 30,000 regular and about 80,000 militia. By special act of Congress, **we have tried to add 25,000 men to this regular army.** Up to date **we have not recruited more than one-fifth of this number.** In militia recruiting cam-

paigns, we were relatively more successful. Many regiments were almost brought up to war footing. Then what happened? Secretary of War Baker had to sign an order authorizing the Department in the East to permit all militia applicants for discharge—provided they could show proof that people were dependent upon them—to be granted these discharges. As a result a large percentage of the militia at the border will come flying back home. As they have a perfect right to do, which is only just. But it only again shows up the inefficiency of the militia system.

To the men of the militia, all credit must be given. I have in mind a captain in a field artillery regiment of the Bronx. He had given his entire time outside of business to fit himself as an efficient officer. He spent one vacation at the regular army school of fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He has spent $500 out of his own pocket on his equipment. His whole heart and soul is in his work. Major-General O'Ryan, commanding the New York militia, is another such man. He has done his utmost to make the body efficient and he had made it more efficient than any other militia of any other state. Not a young man, he gave a year of his life to take the course in the United States Army War College in Washington.

The only solution is universal service. We are the only important country in the world without universal conscription.

Suppose we took the Swedish, the Danish, the Australian and the Swiss systems, where young men have only to give a month of each year for several years! Surely that is democratic! Everybody is called up, only the imperfect men, physically, are not taken. We are a democracy. Because of that, we seem to handle our military problems in an extremely autocratic way. **We buy our soldiers. Our army is an army of mercenaries.** That is not democratic. **We put a premium on shirking.** We have the militia regiments. Some men enlist in them; others do not. In the event of trouble, no matter how old

they are, the men who have enlisted in the militia are sent to war. The other young men escape. Ultimately we resort to conscription—horrifying word!

THE SCARLET TANAGER

H. Thompson Rich

As I sat in my sombre garden,
  One afternoon in spring,
There came a burst of color
  And a flash of scarlet wing.

A burst of vivid color,
  And a tiny, vital whir—
And on the lawn descended
  A scarlet tanager.

Then, in a single instant,
  The earth seemed born anew;
The pale green grass looked greener,
  The dim blue sky more blue.

The tulips filled and deepened,
  The hyacinths took heart,
The cherry buds broke open,
  The roses gave a start.

And so, till warmth and beauty
  Awoke on every hand;
Till lo, my sombre garden
  Became a wonderland!

REVOLUTION OR DISSOLUTION FOR ORGANIZED RELIGION—WHICH?

Second Article

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

IN the first of this series of articles, published in THE FORUM for August, it was stated that the greatest possible embarrassment that could happen to the Christian Church to-day would be the reappearance on earth of Jesus Christ. The justification for this strong statement was the deep conviction that the Church has been so far victimized by Mammon that she has put away her real Christ and is vainly trying to perform her God-given task of setting up a Kingdom of Righteousness on the earth with a Christ of Mammon.

Therefore, it is my intention to set forth some of the things that many who are true to their light—whatever candlepower it may be—will feel ought to be said in behalf of the Church; who may indeed even now be smoldering with indignation because they have not already been said.

But before doing this I want you to listen to Bishop Greer of New York, and then to several other notable spokesmen of our generation. It may make you more patient with my point of view. Preaching at the consecration of the new St. Thomas's Church, New York City, on April 25th, the Bishop said: **"And no more urgent question, more vitally urgent question, confronts the Church to-day than this, of how to close the gap which now too much exists between the Church's creed and the Church's Christian life. For this at least is certain, it must somehow be closed, otherwise the Church will lose its influence in the world, its leadership and power, and will cease to be a force and factor in the world's affairs."** The skeleton in the Church's closet the Bishop of New York sees is the same skeleton I see. There is little or no difference except the language in which we describe the unpleasant thing we see. If mine is stronger, perhaps it is because I feel freer

to speak my mind. Old Mammon has always been a somewhat nearer neighbor of his than mine. Upon the occasion in question he was speaking in the most fashionable of Fifth Avenue churches. The more credit to him that he too sees the "gap," and the more honor to him that he dares speak of it.

I have said that the Christian Church is in a state of apostasy, that she has tried to serve God and Mammon and has made an awful mess of it; that she has put away her real Christ and set up in His stead a Mammon-pleasing Christ; that she is a Captive Church, under the shameful spell of her ungodly and inhuman captor; that she is the White Slave of Mammon, and sits with folded hands watching the cross to which he nails whatever opposes his will, half horrified because of the dreams of the real Christ that haunt her still, half stupefied by the deadly dollar dope that is the meat and drink of her double life, hardly knowing what she ought to say or do—and not caring overmuch.

I have spoken and speak in this strong manner because I dare not be silent, and because when I open my mouth an irresistible power drives me to speak of the vision of twentieth-century sin as I see it with my own eyes and as thousands of other earnest eyes have seen it and described it in innumerable vital books that cry out in prophetic tones from the shelves of our public libraries. Surely every person who is old enough to sit up and intelligent enough to take notice knows that this world is in the midst of a Social Revolution of the first magnitude. It would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this Social Revolution. No change that has ever taken place on this earth was of so great consequence. The decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Crusades, the passing of Feudalism, the Renaissance and the Reformation, the abolition of Chattel Slavery,—all these were lesser events and involved less radical changes than the Social Revolution which is taking place under our very eyes. **The European War is but one of the awful symp-**

toms of the world-wide, heaven-high, hell-deep spiritual unrest that is at the bottom and behind and on both flanks of this God-inspired Social Revolution. God is speaking to the human heart to-day in revolutionary tones, in revolutionary terms.

Never so true as now that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that is so true now that this earth is trembling with the volcanic truth of it. Once again God has spoken, and sent His voice down through humanity to those on the bottom, saying, Seek ye my face. In actions that speak louder than words those on the bottom are answering, Thy face, O Lord, do we seek. For the most part, the mass at the bottom is inarticulate, and its vision is far from clear. It knows but imperfectly why it seeks, or what it seeks. It only knows it cannot rest, that its Kingdom is not of the world that lies about it, that it must try to break up through the environment that entombs it into a larger, fuller, freer life. If there is any other rational way in which to account for the enormous spiritual unrest of our time than to see in it a great human response to a great divine summons, I am unable to think of it, or to find any one who seems to have been able to think of it at all satisfactorily. Assuredly this is the right meaning of it. Surely there is something divine underneath this huge human discontent. Surely God is at the bottom of all this trouble. Surely down there, deep down there, God is at work in the hearts of the humblest, driving them upward, hounding them upward in heavenly fashion. Democracy is divine. And not only religious democracy and political democracy, but industrial democracy and democracy of every kind. The urge from below is from above. There is no clearer, surer voice of God to be heard on this earth to-day than the voice of the people crying for industrial democracy—for the chance to walk upright on the earth and to lead a normal human life. God has spoken, God is speaking, to the people, to the great masses of unprivileged people, saying, "Get you up! Wherefore lie you thus upon your

face?" And the people, because they can do no otherwise under such divine compulsion, are answering God by a Big Human Act which we call the Social Revolution.

"We are face to face with seething unrest throughout the labor world," says T. Rhonda Williams. **"The masses are struggling for better economic and social conditions,** and their needs are urgent. **If the Church has no message for these men; if it cannot 'speak to their condition,' to use a good old Quaker phrase; if it cannot make itself intimate with their needs; if it cannot supply motive power for their economic deliverance as well as create in their hearts faith in the Eternal Good—it may as well close its doors."**

"The greatest forward movement of all the ages is upon us," declares Dr. Charles H. Payne, who is quoted with approval by Dr. Josiah Strong in "The Challenge of the City." "That movement is the saving of society, and that work the Church of Christ must undertake. Not to undertake it is to break step with the march of civilization and to fall out of the ranks. **If the Church refuses to save society, she will fail to save herself, because she will fail to adapt herself to changed conditions.** During the Christian era she has already made several important readjustments; and if she is to continue to live, she must make another."

One could multiply indefinitely such ominous utterances by earnest-minded seers of our own time who are of the very lineage of the prophets whose names the Church delights to honor. We have space for but two more just now. One of the very ablest and most inspiring of these seers is Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch. He refers to Heath's "Captive City of God" as to the extent and causes of this alienation. Going on he says: **"There is imminent danger that the working people will pass from indifference to hostility, from religious enthusiasm to anti-religious bitterness. That would be one of the most unspeakable calamities that could come upon the Church . . . The Church has a tremendous stake in the social crisis.** It

may try to maintain an attitude of neutrality, but neither side will permit it. If it is quiescent, it thereby throws its influence on the side of things as they are, and the class which aspires to a fitter place in the organization of society will feel the great spiritual force of the Church as a dead weight against it. **If it loses the loyalty and trust of the working class, it loses the very class in which it originated, to which it founders belonged, and which has lifted it to power. If it becomes a religion of the upper classes, it condemns itself to a slow and comfortable death."**

Now let us hear Bishop Charles D. Williams of the Episcopal Church; and then we shall go on. We shall have to content ourselves with just a word. In an article published in **The American Magazine** he says: **". . . . The Church is losing in many ways. . . . It is losing hold on the masses and classes alike."**

So much for a few of the hundreds of voices that are crying in the Wilderness of Mammon in which the Christian Church has, Dante-like, "astray gone from the path direct." Let us now give the Twentieth Century Church a chance to speak in her own behalf in answer to the serious charges that have been brought against her. Even an honest enemy would not wish to see her the victim of a "frame-up." If the Church were to say, by way of answer, that all this talk about a Social Revolution is from below, is devil-born, and that she counts it a thing to be proud of that she has held herself aloof in thought and word and deed from those lewd fellows of the baser sort who lend their tongues and pens to the Arch Fiend to disturb the peace of the world and the Church with this revolutionary propaganda, I should almost be in despair. In despair of the Church. I would retract the charge that she is leading a double life, for it would be perfectly apparent that she had put away the real Christ beyond recall, and gone over body and soul to Mammon.

The Church knows enough to know she ought to know more about and get into closer touch with and do

more for the smoldering masses at the bottom of this Social Revolution. She knows enough to be a little ashamed to sing Sunday after Sunday "the rich he hath sent empty away" when as a matter of fact it is the poor who have been sent empty away by the rich and well-to-do who now occupy the chief seats in the churches, or, what is a more serious matter, dictate the undemocratic policy of the Church that drives the masses away—the unshepherded masses on whom Christ had compassion.

Here is the answer, I take it, the Church would make for herself to the charge of having let Mammon nose his way into her tent, like the camel in the proverb, until he has all but nosed the real Christ out. How can such a charge be sustained in the light of the marvellous increase in the missionary activity of the Church during the past century? Then, what of the manifold charitable and educational institutions of the Church? Consider, especially, the wonderful contribution the Church has made towards the solution of the social problem in the shape of the institutional church. The fame of the work done along this line has gone throughout the land. Is not the institutional church the ecclesiastical curled darling of the economic hour?' "See what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" Dare any one say of these great buildings, "There shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down?" Are not they among the things "which cannot be shaken?"

Then, again, says the Church to her critics: Are you ignorant of the existence of the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor of which ninety-six bishops are honorary vice-presidents? Have you never heard of the Department of Church and Labor of the Church? Do you know nothing of the Social Service Commission of the Church and of organizations along similar lines in nearly all of the larger demoninations? Did you ever hear of the interchange of fraternal delegates between certain Labor Unions and Ministers' Asso-

ciations? Is the Open Forum Movement entirely unknown to you?

And then, the Church continues, read the wonderful Resolutions along the lines of social amelioration that have been passed at various Church conventions and assemblies, and the convention addresses delivered by bishops and other presiding officers from time to time. Take, as a sample, the remarkable Declaration made by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America at its notable meeting in Philadelphia in 1908 which culminates with this veritable freshet of fraternity: "To the toilers of America and to those who by organized effort are seeking to lift the crushing burdens of the poor, and to reduce the hardships and uphold the dignity of labor, this Council sends the greetings of human brotherhood and the pledge of sympathy and of help in a cause which belongs to all who follow Christ." Declarations in this vein have been made by many of the Churches acting separately. For instance, here is one of several utterances made by the Episcopal Church: "We, the members of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church do hereby affirm that the Church stands for the ideal of social justice and that it demands the achievement of a social order in which the social cause of poverty and the gross human waste of the present order shall be eliminated." There are pages and pages of such Resolutions and Declarations. What more would you ask?

Finally, says the Church, you must not overlook such evidences of the vitality in the Church as the Men and Religion Forwards Movement, the Laymen's Missionary Conferences, the Christian Endeavor Society, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, the Knights of Columbus, and many others, and the various evangelistic campaigns and nation-wide preaching missions.

The answer to the Church will be made in a future number of THE FORUM.

DOES THE AMERICAN COLLEGE PAY DIVIDENDS ON THE INVESTMENT?

Dr. David Starr Jordan

ASSUMING that a billion dollars is invested in the system of American colleges—do the results justify the outlay?

Taking for granted all that can be said of the value of higher education to the individual in personal satisfaction and in professional efficiency, is there, besides these, a corresponding gain to society and the State? In brief, does our college system pay dividends on the investment; and, for the same outlay, can it be made to pay better?

To both these questions I answer "Yes," **the college system does justify itself, but, it could be made more effective for the same money.** In the United States as in all other civilized nations, advanced education is a prime necessity. Whatever the form it may take, whatever the name or management of institutions of higher knowledge, the function is the same; the same necessity exists.

In the first place, in America, higher education leans on the lower. The university furnishes teachers as well as motives to the secondary school. The common school must do its share towards the exceptional training of the exceptional student. It is from the exceptional man that democracy derives its strength and its initiative. The most precious possession of the State lies in the individual talents of its children. There can be no greater national loss than failure to develop these talents. "A boy is better unborn than untaught."

That higher education might have taken or may yet take other forms, or that the material of higher education may be gathered outside the college does not affect the question. The form actually adopted is the one with which Americans have to deal. Self-education without association with scholars, libraries or laboratories is a slow and discouraging process in which only the rare man ever really succeeds. The fact that our usage of the terms "college" and "university" exists nowhere else on earth does not affect the question of the value of the objects themselves. Our usage is as good as any other. In England a college is a residence hall affiliated with a university, the professors in the latter conducting examinations and awarding degrees.

The superiority of the American school system throughout, lies —if we may use the paradox—in the fact that it is not superior. It makes no claim to finality. It is open in every part to revision and improvement. It is not a complete system, the device of a conven-

tion of educated experts. Each state in the union may interpret the system as it pleases. The more enlightened regions are under no obligation to delay progress, to wait for the average. Not a year passes without some definite forward step in each part of the system. In planning these steps the teachers of university training, men and women, must take the lead. As is the republic it serves, the American University is a "going concern," no part having reached final completion. In its flexibility and its freedom, the American school system can register a merit greater than perfection. We may say that Germany today has a certain number of universities better equipped than any of ours, Berlin, Leipzig.

In the American system, the sciences fundamental to industrial and commercial advancement have not been divorced from the pure sciences and the arts. In most states, the polytechnic school is a recognized part of the system, and with this goes industrial training in the schools which lead to the university. This is a wise adjustment. All applied science rests on a foundation of knowledge. Moreover each type of student gains from association with those of other groups. The engineering student gains from the literary touch, while the student in pure science or language profits equally from association with the fierce earnestness of those who realize that future success is conditioned on academic thoroughness.

The American University had staked its future on its direct usefulness to the people. In direct service it finds its justification and its power. On this basis, for example, the University of Wisconsin has become one of the great universities of the world and that within a single generation. Its campus is not confined to the few acres it occupies in the capitol city of Madison. It is broad as the whole state of Wisconsin. The entire commonwealth is under its fostering care. The Babcock Milk Tester, for example, the device of one of its professors of Physics, has made cooperative dairying possible in Wisconsin and the world over.

The vital relation of the American University to recent American politics has never been fully appreciated. The movement called "insurgent"—in no matter what party it is found—against entrenched abuses of money, had its origin and its strength among university men. Each year, thousands of men, trained in economics and civics, graduate from the universities, and take their place in American citizenship. To know right from wrong in public affairs is to be a power on the side of right. To think straight is the first requisite to a righteous vote. Till within the last thirty years the college man was rare in American society,

and his training bore little relation to the practical problems of life.

As the center of democratic wisdom, the American University pays the fullest interest on the billion of dollars it costs. Its work for agriculture, commerce and engineering pays its dividends directly. Less direct, but equally tangible are its returns in politics. If in part, we credit to the college man the pricking of the bubble of protection, that fact alone would justify the investment, without the need to count the Babcock Milk Tester, the transference of electric power, the world-wide extension of wireless telephony, the pragmatic philosophy, the modern systems of training lawyers or in any other of the thousands of ways in which positive gains to the practical community have come from the halls of the college.

The State University must be considered as the central feature of the American system. Although institutions on private foundation are older in time, many of these, especially along the Atlantic seaboard, are wealthy and powerful, some of them with greater present endowments than any of the state institutions. But not one of these can command in the future resources so great as will be ultimately available in the state system, nor can they claim a higher degree of loyalty among their graduates and patrons. For the state university in America remains an Alma Mater, a cherishing mother to its students.

Can the American University system be reduced in cost—or at the same cost can it be increased in effectiveness? Most assuredly this is possible. The very virtue of incompleteness points the way toward improvement. It is certain, that taking the work of the American University as it actually exists, no great saving is possible without corresponding loss in efficiency. We have far too many institutions of higher education. There are in the United States some 400 institutions calling themselves university or college, and granting under the law the degree of Bachelor of Arts. These range from institutions ranking with the best in the world, to cross-roads schools with one or two professors and no adequate standards or equipments.

Higher education in America is not controlled by any central bureau, nor is it desirable that it should be thus controlled. A power which can standardize university administration checks its improvement. To standardize men is to eliminate initiative and originality. The rise of requirements in American universities must come from within and it is coming rapidly enough.

There are now about twenty-five universities represented in the University Association of America. In these, standards and educational methods agree in general, and in all of these generous

provision is made for advanced study and research. There are some sixty other institutions with the same academic standards, but mostly without professional schools, and offering as a rule scanty facilities for advanced study, beyond the four years which lead to the Bachelor's degree. The remaining colleges in our lists do some things well and some things poorly.

Another form of waste is that of needless duplication, of parallel facilities, the special weakness of the State University system. In 1868, the "Morrill Act" granted certain public lands to each state on condition that the state should undertake in addition to its instruction in letters and science the teaching of mechanic arts and agriculture. Subsequent acts of Congress have added to this further endorsement for agricultural research. Certain states, wise or fortunate, notably Wisconsin, New York, Minnesota, Ohio, added this fund to the endorsement of the State University, thus creating in the public institution a special polytechnic group of departments. By concentration at one point, of all its resources of higher education, libraries, laboratories, professors, it made the State University the centre of all its higher educational activities. As already stated, the University is greater than the sum of all its parts, because each part gives strength to every other.

But in most of the states of the west and south, a contrary plan was followed. In the interest of local ambitions or local jealousies, a separate college was created under the Morrill Act. The older institution was to be predominantly literary, the younger more or less definitely polytechnic. As a result of this, there was extensive and costly duplication of work; rivalry instead of co-operation; two relatively mediocre institutions instead of one of commanding character. It is now too late to remedy these mistakes. Meanwhile these divided Universities must be content to remain in the second rank until the wealth, the population, the appreciation of the people who support them shall make possible the generous maintenance of two universities instead of one.

In almost all of our institutions, a certain number of cheap or inexperienced teachers are chosen every year because there is not money enough to pay for better teaching. The demand outruns the supply. Two-thirds of the classes in our Universities are handled by "instructors" on one-third the pay of a professor or by assistant professors on usually less than half. The shortage of money affects teaching along the whole line, not sufficiently rapid promotion for those who most deserve it, not adequate leisure for research on the part of men fitted to extend the boundaries of knowledge, classes too large and too much time and strength consumed in details which routine men could carry.

From these facts arise two evils characteristic of the American system, the constant need of asking for money, and the disposition to rate success by the number of students enrolled. To the average public, the University President is a licensed beggar, the agent of a game in which the winner each year is the one who gets most names in his catalogues. In the public mind, the "relative rank" of Universities is mostly determined in this way. What is the number of students? The few institutions which limit their numbers to those who they can properly care for, lose their place in the ranks by that process.

It is not generally true that the most "populous" university is for that reason the most prosperous or the one capable of the best service through the individual student to the state. True it is, however, that the best endowed school may have the most eminent body of teachers, and that it is thereby best fitted for advanced instruction and for research.

The greatest weakness in the American College system comes from the teaching of the wrong men. Men who do not want what the University is organized to give, weaken and confuse by their presence. The energy, the effort devoted to teaching the idle, the dissipated, is mostly worse than wasted. One of the great elements of strength in the American system is the solidarity of the student body. The students constitute in a greater or less degree a body corporate. Under their own rules and with officials of their own choosing the students control, in general, all student activities, athletics, dramatics, journalism: often the entire discipline of the institution is entrusted to the student body, under such limitations as may guard the university's general relations.

In some of our older colleges the presence of the "tender rich" with their costly system of private tuition and their evasion of all strenuous effort has become a serious reproach. The justification for tolerating these is that their money enables the college to make better provision for the real student. I do not think this reason adequate, inasmuch as their presence lowers the tone of effort, of sobriety, of intellectual ambition. They pollute the college atmosphere. They render the college less desirable for better men. The gain in income does not balance the loss in character.

It is sometimes hastily assumed that the college trifler is a product of the elective system. For this there is no sort of justification. The college has always known him. Now as the college grows more popular, more men send to college their idle boys. Besides, the college is a charming place. It is a centre of comradery, of good fellowship, as well as a centre of intellectual work. This is well enough in its way, so long as it does not obscure or

displace the real purposes of education. The remedy for this class of evils is to remove at once all cases which are incurable. The place of the "tender rich," to repeat Charles Eliot Norton's phrase, is not in the university but in some resort or sanitarium, where lack of character or purpose works no harm to their associates.

The American institutions generally have been more severe in their requirements for remaining in matriculation than those of any other region. A certain number are sent away for failure in work, after every semester's examination. But there is need for still further severity. Every man in the university is not helping. The university should be as careful of the moral fitness of its membership as a club, or an electric plant, or a dry goods emporium.

The student entering the American University is on the average two years behind the German of the same age so far as his general studies are concerned. As a rule, he does not reach his speciality or the beginnings of professional study until the end of the second or sophomore year. He has then had much the same amount of class-room training as the German student on entering the university. As a rule, however, and especially in the west, the American student knows vastly more of the outside world. He has travelled widely, has earned money—sometimes all the money he has. He has the elements of some trade, "He has measured swords with the great antagonist and the first victory is his."

To sum up, we hold that the American University system does give good dividends on all that it costs. It meets our needs as not another system could. There is room for improvement in many quarters, a few of which I have indicated. It is receiving from year to year such improvement. Its highest merit is that it is constantly in a state of flux. Its weakest feature is its professional side of medicine and law, too long left outside of the university system altogether, and it is just this feature which is receiving most attention today. Every one connected with university administration is alert to advancement in whatever part of the system he may find progress possible.

OUR IMMIGRANT YOUNG AND THE ANGLO-SAXON IDEAL

MARGARET SHERWOOD

A WHOLLY new educational problem confronts the American people from the vast numbers involved; and with it comes an unexampled opportunity for handing on civilization. Wave upon wave of new population comes to us over the sea, increasing multitudes already great; **nowhere else in the history of the world have such masses of the young gathered, waiting for the best that their elders have found out to be passed on to them; never before have educational authorities been confronted by a task so stupendous.** As we watch the alien young pouring in upon us, it is well for us to stop to ask ourselves **what we have to offer these who come on the immemorial quest for the better.** Shall we train them in mechanical things, in externals only, teaching them our western quickness, our skilful manipulation of lever and piston, our knowledge of the physical world, making them deft in management of the machinery of life, but denying them the means of finding its significance? Shall we teach them the crafty secrets of "how to get on in the world," or how to rise above such sense of getting on into a world of finer values? **We have grown to think that asphalt, concrete, and iron pipes are civilization; they are not! Civilization is an inner state or it is nothing, and will not endure. As a nation we feel that, in running swift trains, tunnelling under rivers, making steel structures that threaten the sky, we are enormously advancing civilization.** We are not! We must beware lest, for ourselves, and for these uncounted thousands who are our sacred trust, real civilization slip in these manifold outer activities—civilization, the refining and disciplining of the whole nature for moral and spiritual, not for physical ends.

We must find the right way to help these alien peoples to learn something of the true measure of life, the deeper meanings of existence. Our schools perhaps train more effectively than they civilize; better methods must be devised for bringing humanizing influences to bear upon the immigrant young, who hold in their hands so much of the destiny of the America of the future. As one means toward the great end of making them aware of inner values, our English literature should be more widely taught, taught in every kind of school in the country from kindergarten to college, taught as it has never been taught before, taught simply, sympathetically, so that children of all ages may understand. Folk of primitive impulse and instincts are more likely to find common

ground in the realm of the spiritual than in any other; in learning something of our great poetry, the imaginative expression of the inner life, there will be no barrier of ancient prejudice and passion attendant upon creeds. **Teaching the many-nationed young among us something of the greatest and best in our literature will be the swiftest way of bringing the countless diverse elements to common understanding and common sympathies,** and will help solve the race problem, making for unity of purpose and of ideal.

Moreover, our great literature is not only an imperishable but an available possession, the only one of the arts teaching the ways of beauty, which, because of the simplicity of the medium, can be brought before the mass of the people everywhere, so that he who can read may grow to larger knowledge of the working of the human soul. We have little in the way of art and of architecture of our own, recording spiritual life, aspiration, achievement; that beauty which many of these immigrant folk could have for the mere looking in the cities of the old world is here within the reach only of the travelled few. Great books take up but little space, and there is no limit to their journeyings. **No frontier school is too remote, no mountain cabin too inaccessible to be reached by these records of man's inner growth.** It is fortunate that the form of art which is able, more profoundly than any other, to express the working of the human soul, which can bring longing, emotion, insight, home to eye and ear, clothed in loveliness, made tangible and visible, may be in the hands of everyone. **Great literature brings that wakening to beauty which art alone among human achievements can accomplish,** in connection with the profoundest questioning of the human soul, spiritual triumph, failure, aspiration,—the record of past conquests of the spirit, with promise for the future. As democratic as music, it is more far-reaching because it has intellectual as well as emotional appeal, and is incontestably the one among the civilizing arts that can best serve the inner need of a great democracy. **Our educational systems are indeed a failure if they cannot find practical means to help the many enter upon their great heritage.**

For the larger need of America's foster children, scientific training alone, business training alone, will not suffice. Our system of education should be balanced, wise, fitted to develop all inborn powers, to safeguard natural instincts. **From most primitive conditions, these people are brought face to face with the most recent phases of development, with slow centuries of growth omitted,**—a most hazardous leap. **Half savage feeling, astray among modern conditions, may mean incalculable confusion and danger; yet passion is potential power if rightly guided.** The key

to their inner natures lies in feeling; and they have need of all influences that will rightly waken and train emotion, enkindle generous impulses, touch human passion to noble issues. Let it be potently roused and shaped to great ends by knowledge of poetry wherein mere feeling turns to aspiration, by contact with the great imaginative interpretations of life and of experience which lead to a larger understanding of one's kind.

To the teaching of literature, calling upon the whole of the nature instead of only part, these children of many races will respond with almost embarrassing generosity; in temperament, gift, tradition they will bring much to supplement race-limitations. **The instinct for beauty is strong in many of them; the impulse toward song irresistible; the sense of melody deep. Their rich gifts of mind and soul, imagination, passion, must not be lost, stultified in our mechanical civilization, made to fit and fit badly a cog-wheel system. If our educational system partake more and more, as seems imminent, of our one-sided character, practical, external, limited, it will but cramp and deny hidden resources of power, of genius, in these obscure but often gifted folk.** They come to us for freedom; it is to be hoped that our democratic institutions will secure for them a measure of true political freedom, and conditions of labor that will mean an increasing measure of spiritual freedom, of time for self-development. Then let our educational authorities see that their training shall give them a chance for inner development, and set free the larger powers that are in them.

It is fortunate that the nation to which has come earth's greatest opportunity to extend civilization, possesses among all great literatures the one least likely to hamper primitive gift, the one most likely to quicken the genius, waken the slumbering talent of untutored folk. Here is no hard and fast tradition that must be obeyed, but subtle sense of liberty, for the counterpart of political independence won by Englishmen is an independence of imagination, a depth of individuality in self-expression. Nowhere else in all the world has individual genius played so freely as in England, with freedom in her fields and market-places, freedom in her song. In both, whatever failures there may have been, whatever eccentricity, the result has been, in the long run, a higher type, freedom, not license; freedom which, if it has sometimes worked out unfortunately, has oftener worked out fortunately, gloriously. Here tragedy, the profoundest type of literature, has kept its full sense of the inevitable working of the great laws of life, yet has gained an individuality of interpretation and manner that exists nowhere else; the great prose tradition shows every type, from the correct Augustan manner to the ultra-eccentric manifestations of genius.

This literature will sting to thought and action, will stimulate but not bind, will give impetus to the young thinker, and will hand on the tradition of individual freedom in the expression of thought. Perhaps this freedom of imagination shows most nobly in the poetry, in the untrammeled joyousness, unhindered impulse, the throb of pure feeling. There is something of primitive wildness, sweetness in English song, something of the earliest lilt of untutored voices, haunting cadences, as of birds free on the bough; wild melody voicing later moods, making an expressiveness perhaps elsewhere unknown. Is it not the only poetry that has carried into years of sophistication that primal sweetness?

The plea throughout is for our whole inheritance; for the thorough teaching of English literature to the young of this country. Nothing could be less patriotic than the patriotic cry: "Let us stick to our own literature; our children must be Americans!" They can never be Americans in the truest sense of the word without fuller knowledge of that which is finest and oldest in English race tradition than most of them are getting now. Possibly in attempting to share it with young aliens we may rewin more of it for ourselves, and learn to know better the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race, from whose higher standards, I was lately told in sorrow by one still under the dominion of the King, we of America have already departed. **Beauty, passion, vision—all these our English literature affords, profoundly imaginative, profoundly spiritual interpretations of existence.**

Aside from its high service, shared by other great literatures, other imaginative interpretations of life, of setting young spirits free; making them aware of their better selves; deepening the sense of the mystery and the worth of existence; equipping for the hard tasks of life all available resources of mind and soul; stimulating imagination, training emotion, there are especial reasons why the study of this especial literature may help supremely, if it become the heritage of the many, in working out the civilization of the future. **At the risk of seeming to advocate Pan-Anglican propaganda, I wish to make a plea for bringing before the young this expression of the inner life of the people who have carried civilization farthest, in the matter of securing freedom, working out a maximum of individual liberty with the strongest sense of fair play. The paradox,** full sense of individual liberty with full sense of fair play, **is made explicable by recalling the supreme power of the English race, the power of trained emotion, of emotional control. The Germans,** with their preponderately intellectual discipline, **have managed to train their minds but not their emotions;** many there are among us who can bear witness to the ineradicable childishness

of even the learned German, the vanity, petulance, quick emotionalism, lack of self-control, betokening immaturity of character **The English,** lagging behind the Germans in many aspects of scientific development and modern mental efficiency, **have, beyond all other people of the earth, disciplined their impulses and their feelings. This is the discipline which, in the long run, counts; this is the discipline which has made the English the greatest civilizing power upon the earth, making life livable for the greatest number of people.** For them, **the discovery of an inner law of conduct, the necessity of individual control, makes liberty of action possible,** and **secures a working order of things without an iron network of outer restraints.** The resulting differences between a training which, like the German, is predominantly intellectual, and that which, like the English, is predominantly ethical, could not be more clearly demonstrated than they have been in the acts and the decisions made at this great crisis of world war. In England, **a humanism, a training of mind and soul, a training of the body through the discipline of games, with a high standard of honor in the game, have gone into the very fibres of the young manhood.** What Englishmen may lack in theory, in preconceived method, they gain in individuality, in initiative, in self-control. **Honor in the game, self-mastery —herein lie the keynotes to the freedom of the future.** That central steadiness at the heart of the Englishman might well serve all races as a pattern and a challenge in following the great hope of civilization.

Many of us, far from thinking every act of England right, still think that in her long history, ethical and spiritual values have played a larger practical part than they have elsewhere in the history of races; that this country has come nearer national righteousness than has any other, striving hard to get back to the right way when this has been lost; and we trust that, in this new country, still in the making, the Anglo-Saxon tradition will prevail over all others, **conscience playing its large ancient part.** To all young creatures among us, of descent from the many nations of Europe, as well as those of American birth, the best and truest in English culture, thought, feeling should be taught as sympathetically as possible. That best we find in English literature, revealing the heart and soul of the English race; there is no jingoism in emphasizing its wonderfulness; can another nation show the like? No pains can be too great to impress upon the young this expression of the inner life of that people, who, in their political life and in their poetry, have marked out more fully than has any other that finely controlled personal liberty which means divination of the higher law.

A deep imaginative conception of national mind and purpose could be made a magnificent instrument for right, as in Germany it has been made a magnificent instrument for wrong. There such study, even where the higher aims of humanism have been forgotten in arriving at a perfect "efficiency," has been a tremendous weapon in welding into one the German nation, inspiring it with a sense of race pride and race destiny. A finer literature, reflecting an older, mellower, more humane civilization may, if rightly presented, win, elevate, help weld into one an entire people, made up of countless different elements; and now is the moment of moments to begin, that our English and our non-English young may know that liberty of imagination and of habit wherever this race has led the world.

Liberty we recognize as the greatest conception that the human race has evolved. **Our youth of all nationalities should be taught freedom, self-government in the political sense; they should be taught to enjoy that imaginative freedom which works out the ways of beauty in fine individuality of expression;** above all, **they should be taught spiritual** freedom, **faith in the freedom of the will.** Constant contemplation of the mere physical laws of the universe is a menace, if one consider how this kind of study is gaining in the schools and colleges over that which touches the deeper laws of the inner life. Inevitable physical results follow from physical causes in the world of matter. **With the intense preoccupation of old and young** with these, comes the great **danger of an increasing belief that the whole of personality is a fatally involved part of a mechanical scheme of things. If this belief persist, life and light go out together; before us lies death if we accept as faith that passive enslavement of the spirit to physical law.** Only by belief in a measure of freedom can the human soul live and grow; that chance for the creative will to enlarge the measure of our freedom is our life spark, the vital something at the heart of us. It is for us to create this freedom if we cannot find it, to reject all contemporary theories or creeds that would doubt or deny it. The supreme service of literature of the highest type lies in this: **The great writers conceive themselves and us as capable of choice,** and, **through the presentation of inner struggle can, by imaginative appeal, rouse the will and quicken profoundest instinct. Great literature, treating the soul of man as free or partly free, may perhaps prove the key whereby men and women of the future shall escape from the Doubting Castle wherein the Giant Despair of contemporary intellectual progress has imprisoned present generations.** English literature has perhaps a major share of that underlying affirmation of spiritual freedom wherein lies the deepest hope.

IS THE GARY SYSTEM THE PANACEA FOR OUR EDUCATIONAL ILLS?

PRINCIPAL IDE G. SARGEANT

AT no previous time in our history has there been a greater educational ferment than to-day. While the work in our schools is of a better quality than ever before neither the professional educators nor the public in general are satisfied with the results. Many have come to feel that our school systems are becoming enormously expensive, and that our children are not being prepared to solve the problems of life as efficiently as they should.

During this time of general discontent with existing conditions, no school proposition is receiving more careful consideration than what is known as the "Gary System." City officials, school superintendents, principals and citizens in general have visited the Indiana town to see what it is like, our newspapers have treated it editorially. Our clergymen have expounded it from the pulpit. Its advocates have lauded it and its opponents have denounced it. Like most American discussions, some have known what they were talking about and some have not.

"What is the 'Gary System'?"

Answered categorically, it is the school system of Gary, put in operation and supervised by William A. Wirt, superintendent of schools. Gary is on Lake Michigan, about 30 miles southeast of Chicago, and was founded by the United States Steel Corporation nine years ago. It contains about 50,000 inhabitants representing 34 different nationalities.

In organizing its schools for the new community, the Gary school board proceeded on the theory that, **"It is one of the parental principles of modern political and industrial organization that it is a waste of money to pay salaries large enough to buy judgment, discretion and expert skill, and then not permit them to be used."** Consequently, Mr. Wirt was given a greater measure of freedom in his work at Gary than is possessed by almost any other school superintendent in the United States. He is practically the educational czar of Gary. The one stipulation being that he must show results commensurate with the expenditures.

When Mr. Wirt said: "Gentlemen, to do my work satisfactorily, I must have large auditoriums and large playgrounds," the school board replied:

"We will give you the auditorium, playgrounds or any other

necessary equipment to make the schools meet the full needs of our city, providing you will use them; but we are not willing to go to this additional expense and have these extra facilities used but fifteen minutes a day." It was with this assurance of strong support and no restrictions but to show results that Mr. Wirt went ahead and organized his work-study and play plan. He was given the same freedom of action in his operations as would be given to the superintendent of a big manufacturing plant.

The Gary plan is also being tried in several other cities, modified to a considerable extent by the condition of local school buildings, public sentiment, a failure to grasp fully the spirit of the plan and the lack of trained teachers for the special work. During the past year Mr. Wirt has been employed for a portion of his time at a salary of $10,000 by the city of New York, to install the Gary plan in certain of its schools, and it has been so successful that the board of education has recently voted to put it, in a modified form, into a large number of other schools.

The Gary Idea of a School Plant

"Is a playground, garden, workshop, social center, library and traditional school combined under the same management. It is considered of the greatest importance that right conditions be provided for the pleasure and recreation of the child and adult. In addition, a properly organized playground, workshop and school secure the same attitude of mind toward the reading, writing and arithmetic that the child normally has for play. Also the shop and school features greatly increase the value of the school plant as a recreation and social center for adults."

What Does the Gary Plan Propose to Do?

"To use all the educational opportunities of the city all of the time, for all of the people, and in a way which reveals to young and old that what they are doing is worth while."

How Does the Gary Plan Propose to Do It?

By having the children in school from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon and dividing the time into a properly balanced work-study-and-play plan. The school and playgrounds to be open for recreation purposes—for the children—on Saturday from nine to five, and—for adults—from seven to nine-thirty, four evenings in the week. The school year to be divided into four terms of twelve weeks each. This will enable those children, who must hasten the completion of their school education, to finish the course at an earlier age, and for those in no hurry, to take their vacation term at the time most convenient for their families. With the work

shops and special classes it will be possible to determine the personal bent of the child and to guide him to such a choice of vocation as greatly to lessen the evil of "blind alley" jobs. The regular amount of time is given to the academic work, the time for the work in the auditorium and playgrounds being secured by the longer day. The work of the auditorium and playgrounds is under the control of a special corps of teachers who supervise all the classes coming there throughout the day. The teachers in the traditional subjects have about the same hours as in other school systems.

Things the Gary System Will Do for Other Cities

It will lessen the part time evil which is becoming so acute a problem in many of our larger cities. The longer day and the organization on the work-study-and-play plan will enable a greater number of children to be taken care of in the same building.

It will make possible the teaching of more subjects and give better teachers in the special subjects without increased cost. It will reduce juvenile crime and misdemeanors to a minimum; as it will take care of the child during the hours when its parents are employed and keep it away from the back alley where most of the badness has its inception. It will also remove him from the multifold dangers of the open street and keep him happily occupied in wholesome, regulated work and play.

Those not engaged in the immediate work of education little realize the great need in our congested districts where both father and mother work during the day for some provision like Dr. Montessori's at Rome, for the care of little children below the school age. Even these tiny ones are learning vice and being ground to death beneath the traffic.

It is to be feared that some, who advocate the adoption of the Gary plan, do so with the idea that it will give us less expensive schools. In this they will be disappointed. Mr. Wirt does not base his claim for consideration on giving us cheaper schools but more efficient schools. The Gary plan will not enable us to get along with fewer teachers, as we now have too many pupils per teacher to do the work as it should be done. The Gary plan will not enable us to require longer hours of our teachers; as they are now undergoing all the nervous outlay that the welfare of our children will permit. The Gary plan will not involve us in sectarian difficulties, as the religious feature is purely optional with the parents.

Briefly, the Gary Plan will reduce the per capita cost for school buildings and for supervision, take care of the children for

a longer day through the use of the auditorium, playground and shop in connection with the special academic subjects, give the child a more attractive and profitable school life, and at the same time provide better facilities for recreation and continuation work for adults.

As a people, we have developed a sort of smug complacency which feels that whatever is American and has been done for a long time is best. The greatest cause of unrest in this nation today is our failure to comprehend the rapidity with which we are changing from a rural to an urban people and to change our municipal machinery to provide for the new conditions.

The chief difficulty in solving the city school problem is the tenacity with which we cling to the scheme of former days, or as a recently completed school survey points out, where "pupils answer hollow word questions with memorized hollow-word-statements." The little red schoolhouse has been praised justly for the good it has done and it still has a great work to do in its own community, but its plan of operation is no more suited to the needs of a congested city community than the plan of a three-masted schooner is suited for the plan of a submarine. It is because the Gary Plan is an attempt to organize the school work to meet the conditions of modern city life that it is receiving such careful consideration by thoughtful men and women.

THE DEEP DAMNATION OF HIS TAKING-OFF

BERNARD ROSENBERG

An attempt to decide the responsibility for the death of Duncan in the Tragedy "Macbeth"

THE name of Shakespeare has ever been an evocation to controversy, and the Commemoration is no exception to the rule. Quite recently there appeared an article by a well-known Shakespearean player, reviving the view that Lady Macbeth has been too harshly judged. In extenuation of what is generally regarded as the blackest villainy, the blacker for being the product of a rare intelligence, there are urged these arguments: that the character of the times as contrasted with our own was much coarser—murder was not, in the eleventh century, the enormity it is considered today; that Lady Macbeth had the great virtue of unselfishness; she only assisting through the desire to further her husband's plan; finally, that certainly Macbeth suggested the death of Duncan.

There is no lack of authority for this view. Fletcher says: We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in I. vii. 48-52.* Mrs. Siddons

* It is sometimes said if Shakespeare wrote to-day, he would not be read. We do not believe this. He would be better read than many "best sellers." As an example, when Mr. Rosenberg's paper came in, we asked him what authorities he had consulted. We append his illuminating answer.—Editor.

"My main reliance is that vade mecum of all students of Shakespeare, the New Variorum. For the labors of the Furnesses I have the utmost respect. And with all their scholarship, there is a pungency about their comment which gives their work a personal quality not usual in books of reference. Richard Grant White has something of this also. For a working edition I have found nothing better than the University Society, a sort of variorum in itself. When I find a reference in either—of necessity condensed—which I think may possibly have a different application if read with its context, I follow up the clue and get at the original if I can. In preparing the paper I sent you, I looked up the periodical literature (Poole's Index, etc.), for some years back of the date of the N. V. 'Macbeth.' Having them overlap, I was fairly certain of not missing anything. Then I made use of the separate items under that heading in the card index of the New York Public Library. These include prompt books, single volumes of various editions like the Hudson, etc., etc. Lastly I look into such general works as may touch on what I am after. I should have said at the start that I draft my own thesis roughly first, but am perfectly willing to abandon or modify it, if the arguments are convincing. What I am most fearful of is overlooking someone who may have anticipated me; I have a keen sense of the ridiculous. I had an amusing instance of this in the 'What beast

takes a similar stand: "There can be no doubt that Macbeth, in the first instance, suggested the design of assassinating the king, and it is probable that he invited his gracious sovereign to his castle for the purpose." Mrs. Jameson remarks: "It is of him she thinks, she wishes to place the sceptre within his grasp." Sir Henry Irving characterizes Macbeth as "a bloody-minded hypocritical villain. . . ." These are the general claims, presented with minuteness and supported with energy.

The opposite view has its advocates. These support the common view, taken by the every-day reader or play goer. They are that malefic interpretation of Lady Macbeth which has come down as a tradition, and which has made her name a connotation of cold cruelty.

Some confusion is due to a certain sort of commentator's holding his nose so close to the text, as to lose all else in the play; occasionally we find one generalizing cheerfully with the book closed. Some is certainly due to the stressing of the one character or the other on the stage. Hamlet may not be Hamlet without the Prince, but a presentation of Macbeth with one of the principals

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was't' speech. I had it settled in my own mind that Lady Macbeth lied, but was puzzled that no one else had said so. I was pluming myself on my perspicacity when I bethought me that there was a later Variorum than the one I had been using. Sure enough I found that Furness II. had nailed it down, though it had escaped his father. The man who went most thoroughly into 'Macbeth,' I think, was Fletcher. Most of the work after him seems influenced by his views. His work is searching, he writes with a verve and dash that win you over, and yet I think he is too literal. He is logical, yet seems never to have perceived that his argument needed all the links, or it crumbles. In the periodical literature, one finds many odd things. Viola Allen to-day writes of a cooing Lady Macbeth, regardless of what Clara Morris wrote several years ago. The latter lady disregarded her precursors in the same way. Mrs. Jameson seems responsible for this school. Their opinions do more credit to their hearts than to their heads. Irving's lecture on 'Macbeth' contains some good things, but seems a defense of his interpretation rather than a research. 'A bloody-minded, hypocritical villain.' Yes, but when? If Irving read Taine, it had no effect on him. The Frenchman makes of it a gradual corruption of what was fair and good, 'a moral poisoning.' William Winter is in accord with this view, though in a parenthesis he remarks dubiously that it does not reconcile with the idea of the murder being discussed between the pair, before the action opens. Of course it doesn't. Mrs. Siddons' interpretation and her conception are two different things. When she got good white paper under her pen, the mischief was done. She was coached in her performance by the ardent Sheridan Knowles, whose 'Macbeth' is a fine, fine thing. I don't know just how he accounts for the twenty years which he says elapse between our first and our last view of Macbeth. Salvini, in a magazine article some years ago, pooh-poohs the 'character of the times' argument and points to Shakespeare. In the same article he claims that the sleep-walking scene belongs not to Lady Macbeth, but to Macbeth, and says that he cuts it out altogether. Watts-Dunton, in an article which went with Abbey's pictures of Macbeth, I think in October, 1906, 'Harper's,' deprecates the fact that Shakespeare is always treated from a literary point of view, without regard to the dramatic unities. Then he proceeds to make a point which Richard Grant White made years before. But the article is a good one, though the author falls foul of the 'bell,' a sunken bell for so many."

so subordinated as to afford a totally inadequate conception of Shakespeare's meaning, is no novelty. So indissolubly are the two welded together in the play, that what is taken from the one must be given to the other.

On the issues raised, Shakespeare must be the final arbiter. It will not avail to examine the sources of the play. We gain nothing by considering that Macbeth had a claim to the Scottish throne, or that Lady Macbeth had her own reasons for animosity against Duncan. As well attempt to explain Macbeth by examining his family tree to see if he were the victim of insanity. Nor are we warranted in turning to history with a view to ascertaining the complexion of the times. Shakespeare was farther removed from the historical epoch of Duncan and Macbeth, than we are from him.

Shakespeare has painted the mediæval Scots as valiant and high-minded, warlike, but disdaining unfair advantage, and visiting scorn upon plotters, traitors, and murderers. Macbeth, alluding to a ruder age, protests:

> "Blood hath been shed 'ere now, i' the olden time,
> 'Ere human statute purged the gentle weal."

If people regarded murder complaisantly, why is it always spoken with horror and loathing? Why the shudders? Macbeth, and Lady Macbeth, both feel the need of being strengthened before the deed and of dissembling after it. Every character who mentions murder, except the professionals who do away with Banquo, does so with detestation. Do we lack murders in modern times either in high or in low places? The last fifty years have given us the assassination of fifteen heads of nations. The list would be tripled if we included princes and premiers. Treason to the state was punishable then as now, by death.

Now we come to the oft-repeated contention that Macbeth suggested the death of Duncan. "With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate?" is the question which Fletcher contends "constitutes the very starting-point of an inquiry into the inherent and habitual nature of Macbeth." In this matter the play must decide. We shall consider whether there is anything in the text to warrant the imputation that it was Macbeth.

There is something like sacrilege in submitting one of Shakespeare's tremendous compositions to this lapidary-like examination, but as we are so often reminded, the author was a producing manager. He secured his effects upon the stage and was careless of his transcripts. Professor Lounsbury, in his classic work upon the text of Shakespeare, makes it plain that he, in common with other playwrights of his time, was not only indifferent to the pub-

lication of a dramatic work but often opposed to it. Is it any wonder that the printers, in their turn, should take their responsibilities lightly? But even where the text is indisputable, there is other ground for difference of opinion.

Prominent among the many points of disagreement in connection with this inquiry, is the relation of the Weird Sisters to Macbeth. They foretell his kingship, though not the manner of its having. His reliance upon their prophecies cannot be doubted. His "rapt" state, the letter to his wife, and allusions throughout the play, all attest it. For example:

> "Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown. . ."

and again:

> "And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear
> And break it to our hope."

Were they the figments of Macbeth's imagination, then indeed we might say he had murder in his heart from the very beginning. But Banquo, hard-headed, imperturbable Banquo, saw and spoke these witches also, which makes them real beings, however supernatural their powers. Their prophecies, ending in the salutation, "All hail Macbeth! That shalt be king hereafter," stir him deeply. He discusses them at some length with Banquo, then considers alone, but is too unsettled to decide his course of action.

> "My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single state of man,
> That function is smothered in surmise, and nothing is,
> But what is not."

The conflict of emotions continuing, he resigns the tangle:

> "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
> Without my stir."

There is only one thing that seems to hint that Macbeth had an ambition toward the throne before meeting the witches. That is Banquo's remark immediately upon hearing the third sister make the prediction: "Good sir," he says, "why do you start and seem to fear, Things that do sound so fair?" Truly, it might have been the unexpectedness of the information, surprise at the coincidence with his thought. He might naturally, as a kinsman of Duncan, have had a latent ambition to be king, but we have no warrant for the belief that the thought of murder had previously occurred to him. The prediction, coupled with the "earnest of success," is the ferment that starts the tumult in his brain. His reception by the king, and the sight of Malcolm being made heir apparent, give to

the germination a powerful impetus. It is not until this scene that we see him definitely committed to the idea. And yet it is held by Fletcher that at the time of meeting the witches "he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination." Irving clings tenaciously to the same view.

It is during the interval just noted (and before his resolution has crystallized) that the letter is written to his wife. This letter, as read by Lady Macbeth, nowhere refers to a plot or a plan, nor to any "deep and black desires," but informs her that the Weird Sisters have greeted him as Thane of Cawdor (which has already been confirmed), and as king-to-be, and he states that the letter is written, "that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart and farewell." There is here no suggestion of murder, nor reference to a previous understanding; attention is called to a happy augury and specific mention made of the reason for the communication. Mrs. Siddons says, "She acts upon direful suggestions . . . contained in his letters." Let us now note the emotions evoked in her by the perusal of this message. With it in her hand, she soliloquizes:

"Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised.—
Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way.
Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it.
What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet would wrongly win; thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'thus thou must do if thou have it,'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishes should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valor of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal."

This marvellous analysis is a more detailed picture of the very Macbeth we have met. And it reveals the speaker as well. She takes the prophecy of the witches on faith, after the manner of the time. But this is no petty mind that can thus dissect another. The woman of these lines is a being whose brain is equal to her ambition. Her reason is keen and certain as the sword, her decision as swift as the light that flashes on its blade. He may place credence in it; very well, so the germ be there. She will use it. "And shalt be what thou art promised." She is now the prophetess, but this is no mere prognostication. It is a resolve so sure, so

final, that there is menace in it for any luckless one who may obstruct her path. The next lines strike a lower note, there is a little dubiety here, not as to purpose, nor as to method, but with regard to means. She has forgotten the letter by now, and is drawing on her inner comprehension of his nature. Starting with the gentler trait, she settles in her own mind that her husband, even though he have the ambition to be king, and even the wit to perceive the short route, (the way that thrones before and since have been gained) and the moral obliquity too, yet is not sufficiently single in purpose to gain his goal without an impelling force behind him, powerful and unremitting. She is tolerantly contemptuous of such a mind but has confidence enough in her own ability to stiffen it. Perfect poise pervades the whole. It is significant that none of the elation of the letter is communicated to her.

In this light, to say that his letter suggested the murder, would be to stretch a word already delicate in meaning to its most tenuous limits. It may still be argued that Macbeth, knowing his wife to be the more vigorous in her ambitions (whether for herself or for him, for the nonce matters not), wrote her, that she might hatch from the germ of his information, the plot that would consummate the realization of their wishes. Did he mean by the injunction "Lay it to thy heart"—"Think it over"? Admitting this supposition, does it not tend to show that he, the weaker vessel, would wait for her to formulate the plan? When she does reveal herself to him fully later on, Shakespeare, with consummate mockery, makes him exclaim:

> "Bring forth men-children only,
> For thy undaunted mettle should compose
> Nothing but males."

a eulogy in which admiration is not unmixed with wonder.

A point has been left open. She says when first she sees him,

> "Thy letters have transported me beyond
> The ignorant present, and I feel now
> The future in the instant."

The words show that they refer to letters written since the action opens. It may, however, be contended that Macbeth gave her the outline of the plot or proposed assassination in some other letter. Since he follows right on the heels of the one we have just heard, it is plain that there could not have been time, even if there were occasion for another. But even if there were, would it not have a significance less than the one quoted, be merely a reiteration of the first, perhaps containing more extended allusions to their coming grandeur?

But hear his lady! Before he comes to her, and before she has

any knowledge save that contained in the innocuous letter referred to. The visit of the king is totally unexpected. "Thou're mad to say it; . . . thy master . . . would have inform'd for preparation." The letter contained no such news; when he wrote, Macbeth did not know of the king's projected visit, probably did not know of his own early home-going. So far as we know, the letter contained no allusion to Duncan whatever. Of the messenger, who, spent of breath, announces the coming of the king and of her lord, she says:

> "He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under my battlements."

Then the invocation,

> "Come, you spirits,
> That tend on mortal thoughts. Unsex me here,
> And fill me from the crown to the toe, top-full
> Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood;
> Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
> That no compunctious visitings of nature
> Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
> The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts
> And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
> Wherever in your sightless substances
> You wait on nature's mischief.
> Come, thick night,
> And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell;
> That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
> Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
> To cry, 'Hold, hold!'"

The lines speak for themselves. Lady Macbeth is not the woman to require suggestion, proposal, detailed information. The mere knowledge that her husband's thoughts tend thronewards, and that he has utter faith in the prophecy, is sufficient. For the rest, she draws upon her own inexhaustible nature.

Macbeth's first words on arriving are: "My dearest love, Duncan comes here tonight." And what is her reply. "And when goes he hence?" Is not that highly significant? He answers, "To-morrow, as he purposes." A bit of verbal fencing, each suspecting what is in the other's mind, each avoiding its expression. She yields first, another proof of superiority if one were needed:

> "O, never
> Shall sun that to-morrow see!
> Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
> May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
> Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
> Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
> Must be provided for; and you shall put
> This night's great business into my despatch;
> Which shall to all our days and nights to come
> Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."

All we have had hitherto from Macbeth are hopes, fears, wishes. The one moment of decision as he leaves Duncan's palace is swallowed in a sea of uncertainty. It is left for Lady Macbeth to put the hopes into words, and the words into deeds. She formulates the plan and sees to its execution. In the above lines, it is evident that she recognizes him as the nominal head of the partnership, but is herself the active member of it. He wants to put off even the discussion, "We will speak further." The last lines show that it is decidedly overstating it, to say she acted solely for her husband's sake. "She wishes to place the sceptre within **his** grasp." One might ask, how else can she be queen? As indicated through the play, she is no less selfish than her lord, though less self-centered. It takes no effort to conceive of Lady Macbeth's looking forward to her coming queenship. The thought of the power alone could not have been distasteful to her. We see here that she has in mind a joint sovereignty.

When Macbeth comes to consider the murder, he runs over the list of Duncan's virtues, a line of thought that never occurred to the lady, brilliant though her intellect. She did not consider reasons for doing it. She saw it already accomplished, only the details needing arrangement. He even gives up the idea:

> "We will proceed no further in this business;
> He hath honor'd me of late; and I have bought
> Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
> Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
> Nor cast aside so soon."

An admirable epitome of selfishness. The responsibility he unconsciously divides. But the rest of the passage, giving his reasons, is all "I". What says his partner, perfectly comprehending his infirmity of will, and with a touch of malice to pay him for his self-centeredness?

> "Was the hope drunk,
> Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?
> And wakes it now to look so green and pale
> At what it did so freely? From this time
> Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
> To be the same in thine own act and valor
> As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
> Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
> And live a coward in thine own esteem,
> Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'
> Like the poor cat i' the adage?"

Again reference is made to hope and desire, which really are the strongest of Macbeth's emotions, if we except fear.

The argument that Macbeth was primarily responsible for the death of Duncan usually rests on the following lines, spoken by Lady Macbeth:

"What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you."

Fletcher is insistent that this passage is most explicit proof of Macbeth's instigation. Sir Henry Irving is equally convinced. Koester, a German dramatist, suggests that the scene in which the conversation referred to occurs, "has been omitted, cut out or lost by some stage manager." Vischer, mentioning Lessing's generalization to the effect that a dramatist is sometimes more correct in what he does not say than in what he does, that is, purposely omits to gain strength, says that such a theory cannot be maintained in this instance, for Shakespeare was too good a craftsman and the play would balance better with the scene in, thus inferentially agreeing with Koester's theory of a vandalism.

All that has gone before has tended to show Lady Macbeth as the prime mover. What, then, can these lines mean? Has Shakespeare led us thus far under one impression only to prove it false and supplant it with another? The conviction is inescapable that she does indeed lie deliberately in order to spur her husband on. Consider; from the moment we see Macbeth, he is in an unsettled state, noted by himself, remarked by Banquo, and not unperceived by the wife of his bosom. He has never yielded ready assent to her plans, but mused off by himself, has offered to postpone discussion, even to abandon the "business." This reproach of hers, then, is a mendacious assumption of compliance. The only grain of truth in it is that he acquainted her with the prophecy of the witches and his joy in it. This she calls breaking the enterprise to her. She realizes even before meeting him that he does not measure up to it. She almost resolves to do the deed herself. She tries instead to infuse him with her spirit, but this meeting with poor success, she, in a rapidly mounting burst of temper which fairly seethes as she thinks of the perilling of her hopes, the vacillation and selfishness of her husband, the flabbiness and impotence of him who is the very pivot of her plan, makes one last effort to galvanize him into action. He broke the enterprise to her, was willing once but not now, even swore to it, is no man, utterly contemptible.

She refers to a conversation held when he was willing, but when the time and place were not ripe for murder. We incline to the belief that it is a perversion. We have been unable by implication, to locate any such conversation before the action opens.

So it must have occurred between the arrival of Macbeth and that of Duncan at the former's castle. The Macbeth that we see at this stage of the drama is not self-assertive. We do not find him fuming because the circumstances are not to his liking. We do not hear him swearing in an excess of vigor, that he will commit the crime. No, his mind is a welter of doubt and misgiving. So that if the conversation did occur, it was all nag on her part and all palter on his.

One thing that we have considered is, Why did he hurry to his castle in advance of the king? The jesting compliment of Duncan that it was Macbeth's love for his wife that sped him might be sufficient. Or it may be that he wanted proper preparation made for the reception of royalty. But it is more likely that he had murder in his mind and wanted to talk it over with her before the king should arrive. His attitude towards her is, at times, almost filial. Perhaps he did hasten home to be in the atmosphere of a firmer mind, to be aided by her counsel and advice. Once there, hearing her view, he cannot bring himself to discuss it, though she is more than willing. This is not the only instance of his regard for her opinion. There is the boyish way he tells her of another dark deed afoot, which he will not reveal till it is consummated. He has killed Duncan, and is now king, but not a happy king. She, probing his melancholy, questions him and learns the cause of his disquiet. They discuss Banquo and Fleance, and practically agree that their security is imperilled while the two live. She remarks, "But in them nature's copy's not eterne." And he replies, "There's comfort yet, they are assailable." And then he blurts out that before the night is well begun, "there shall be done a deed of dreadful note." (He does not reveal that he has already given the order for the murders.) "What's to be done?" she asks artlessly, though she knows nine-tenths of it. He bids her "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, till thou approve the deed." His gloom now is due in part to the knowledge that he is acting without her counsel; once he feels that he has her approval, his manner changes, "Then be thou jocund," he says. And it is after this that we see a third murderer join the others. There was still time to abandon the plan should she oppose it; he changes it only to strengthen it. We see here how he admires her strength of purpose, is a little ashamed of his own contrasting weakness in the Duncan matter, would rehabilitate himself, play the head of the house to his "dearest chuck," show her that he, too, can remove a human obstacle. The scene affords one of the few glints of humor in this sombre drama.

Then there is the incident of the bell, lightly touched but significant.

> "Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
> She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed."

Then follows the speech beginning, "Is this a dagger . . . ?" and ending with the sound of the bell, and the lines:

> "I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
> Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
> That summons thee to heaven or to hell."

Lady Macbeth sees that everything is quiet within; Macbeth prowls about the passages to be sure that there is no one lurking in their shadows. White considers the bell "a prearranged summons," and points out that continuity is secured while he is offstage committing the crime, by having her there in the courtyard keep watch and ward. Watts-Duncan says the same, "the bell has nothing to do with any drink," and he adds that the soliloquy which precedes it allows time for Banquo and Fleance to get beyond earshot. Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene lets fall something which seems to bear out the idea of a signal:

> "Out damned spot! Out I say!—One; two; why, then
> 'Tis time to do't.—Hell is murky."

Kean was so convinced of this that he had the bell sound twice in the earlier scene. This is rather a formidable array. Notwithstanding, we believe that Shakespeare has been misinterpreted. Lady Macbeth's broken lines are open to more than one reading. In just the few words cited, we can see that the sequence of events is reversed. We see a similar jumble later in the same soliloquy:

> "The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?
> What, will these hands ne'er be clean?
> No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that;
> You mar all with this starting."

Here also in an indication that the murders of Duncan and Banquo are confused in her mind. Still later we find further proof of this:

> "Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale;
> I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; . . . ."

As we might suppose, the flotsam of the mind of a person in the somniloquent state are insecure foundation for any theory; of doubtful value, even as corroboration.

Subtracting this, what have we left? Why, that Macbeth informs her that he is ready by sending the servant, the drink being only a subterfuge to hoodwink the latter; and that Macbeth

adheres to the plan and does follow the signal as agreed upon. The whole conception creaks with staginess. Its weakest point is the assumption that Lady Macbeth would control her husband from a distance, when she could be at his elbow urging him in much more potent fashion. Is the overwrought Macbeth,—hugger of phantoms, palterer and postponer, the Macbeth who blunderingly brings away the daggers, the Macbeth who senselessly slays the grooms—to be trusted to go about the business on a signal? Would the dearest partner of his greatness arrange it that way? It is maligning her judgment, aspersing her prevision to think it.

Two things immediately impel Macbeth to the deed, the vision of the dagger and the bell. Which would have most weight with the man to whom "nothing is, but what is not," the coldly prearranged signal, or the adventitious phantom of his own heated conjuration? If Macbeth had not seen the "dagger," would the bell have been sufficient to send him on? If it is conceded that the dagger is the more important of the two, what becomes of the prearrangements? The bell gets its peculiar impelling power from his state of mind. Conclusive testimony on this point is fortunately to hand. The words are Lady Macbeth's at the feast, she witheringly rebukes her husband who is shaken with terror at the sight of Banquo's ghost:

> "This is the very painting of your fear:
> This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
> Led you to Duncan."

To sum up, the ultimate impelling circumstance that sends Macbeth to Duncan's chamber is not the sounding of the bell, but the sound of the bell.

Lady Macbeth is kept off the stage while he soliloquizes, and then comes on naturally in quest of her husband. The castle is quiet. Lady Macbeth has visited the guest chambers and assured herself that the king, and the grooms whom she has drugged, are sleeping. But one servant is about, probably the personal attendant of Macbeth, waiting up till his master shall be through with him. Macbeth gives him the message and bids him retire. No one is stirring now, but Macbeth in the court and Lady Macbeth within, busy with the wifely duty of preparing her husband's potation. No nightcup, this time, thinks she, but a stimulant which shall nerve him to the deed. We hear him address the visionary weapon, still wordy on the very verge of action, we hear the note of the bell; we see him catch at the knell-like sound, a token akin to witches' "earnest" and air-drawn dagger, and one infinitely more attractive to his disordered imagination than any reality can be, we see him, forgetting drink and all else, take final command of

himself and with its lingering spell upon him, and with the conviction in his brain that she, his other self, is behind him, with him, in him, speeding him onward, he goes upon his ghastly errand.

Shakespeare was not the man to paint Lady Macbeth without redeeming traits. Our knowledge of them comes from her own mouth. To emphasize these qualities, as some have done, is not to prove that she has been calumniated. The intimate domestic virtues are not, never have been, incompatible with a larger depravity. In her case, their mention serves but to show her as she was, before they were all swallowed up in a single absorbing passion. Nor is the fact that her physical nature revolts at the execution of her own conceptions to be adduced in her favor. Fiendish as they are, she is yet a woman, if not with a woman's feelings, with a recollection of what they have been. She has been a mother:

> . . . "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me."

By implication the child is dead, for there is no other mention of him in all the play. Macbeth does indeed say later on:

> "Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of mine succeeding."

These words do not prove that he has a son; it may be that he hopes for an heir. Taken in connection with the preceding quotation, it is a fair assumption that the pair have been bereft of an only child, a son. And yet this woman could hark back to the tender time when the little body clung to her and drew nourishment from her own, and utter, with a full comprehension of their awful import, the words,

> "I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have plucked the nipple from his boneless gums,
> And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
> Have done to this."

We will say she couldn't have done it. But she could use the sacred memory to urge a murder; to show her strength of will; to show further, that in thus stifling the feelings of nature, she, too, was contributing something to the common goal.

We have seen the idea of murder occurring independently to each. We have seen that Macbeth is incapable of formulating a plan, weak indeed at adhering to one presented to him. True, he was a general, but the rude warfare in which he engaged probably required more of personal combat than of strategy. The sword is his natural weapon, not the dagger. It is only when his body is active that his mind is clear; then his vigorous muscular organism draws from his "heat-oppressed" brain the blood with which it is surcharged.

Lady Macbeth is always perfect mistress of herself. The fainting in the second act is characteristic of her. Banquo, the knowing, has punctured her "What, in our house?" with his "Too cruel, anywhere." (It is "our" house now, before it was under "my" battlements.) Her husband is carrying off the scene very well indeed, now that he has a sword in his hand, and men similarly equipped in front of him. She is the only woman present, she will avail herself of the privilege of her sex. If her words do not carry conviction, she will act the part. Twice they say, "Look to the lady" and finally carry her off. She is in much more imminent danger of exposure, exposure more unlooked for and with less attending excitement to stimulate her, at the banquet; all eyes are centered on her, and though she has to play both her own and her husband's part, she does not faint there. The strain is more protracted, yet at its end when all the guests are gone, she diagnoses his complaint like a physician, "You lack the season of all natures, sleep." But once does her fortitude desert her. She hears, or thinks she hears, noises from the king's chamber whither her husband has just gone, on bloody business bent. Her involuntary, "The attempt, and not the deed!" is a flashlight which reveals a soul in terror.

So that, so far as we can judge, Lady Macbeth must be regarded as the originator and instigator of the plan to murder Duncan. The fact that he becomes a wholesale murderer afterwards has no bearing on the point.

The mental condition of the pair following the murders affords an interesting contrast. He breaks first, but he has begun to corrode from the beginning of the play. She breaks faster and further, only after almost insupportable strains, and then all at once. And even then her iron will is potent in her waking hours. She has besides the memory of the crimes, to witness her husband's "flaws and starts," but from what we know of her, we can judge that the hardest blow of all, her vehemence being spent and her ambition attained, is the conviction that it cannot last, the inevitability of disaster, the knowledge that it was all for naught. He survives even her death. It is because he has fighting to do, he is once more the man of action.

We would not be understood as maintaining that the character of Lady Macbeth is the whole of the play. As she dominates her husband, so she dominates the action—for a time. But the tragedy of Lady Macbeth is merged in a greater, the Tragedy of Macbeth. That is the title Shakespeare gave this masterpiece, and he bestowed it "for sundry weighty reasons."

LOVE AS A DOMINANT THEME IN POETRY

Jessie B. Rittenhouse

HAS the modern poet repudiated love? One puts to himself this startling inquiry after reading much contemporary verse and noting how seldom it turns upon this theme, which has inspired poets from the earliest time. Indeed, one scarcely realizes to what extent the theme of love has dominated poetry until he begins to compare the earlier and later periods of the art and to note the gradual subordination of this theme as the poet's interests widen and tend to become social rather than personal.

Religion, war, chivalry, love, death, nature—these were the fundamental interests of poets and upon these as a basis the Gothic superstructure of modern poetry has been builded. Nor is it extravagant to say that of these preoccupations of the poet, love has played perhaps the most significant part and inspired a body of verse equal in extent to that of any other, if not in excess of it, particularly when one takes into account the great mass of poetry not in itself devoted to this subject but yet actuated by it as an inner theme or motive. The Iliad furnishes the greatest example of this: its theme is war, but its actuating episode, or motive, is love; for without Helen, why Troy? The Odyssey, too, lives in the constancy of Penelope quite as much as in the adventures of Ulysses, while of the tragedies of love incident to the Trojan War, what is more fateful than the murder of Agamemnon, inducing, as it does, the crime of Orestes and Electra? When one considers, too, the tragedies of Euripides growing directly out of incidents of the Trojan War, "Hecuba," "The Trojan Women," "Helen," "Andromache," and others—the theme of love becomes, in a sense, the actuating motive of them all, whatever elements of retribution or fatality they may individually develop.

While Greek tragedy turns much less upon the theme of love than upon other themes and presents, of course, a wholly different conception of it from that which came in with the Christian era, yet the profoundest tragedies of love find expression in it from the frenzied jealousy of Medea to the compulsion of fate which drives Œdipus unconsciously to violate the sanctity of marriage.

Following the period of Greek tragedy and the miracle and morality plays of the early Christian drama, love becomes the paramount theme of poetic drama as an art and, where the play may have another motive psychologically, it is projected through the medium of love. This is true of Elizabethan drama as a whole,

of Marlowe, Lodge, Greene and other precursors and contemporaries of Shakespeare, and of his successors, Webster, Ford, Massinger and the later romantic dramatists. Shakespeare, himself, seldom failed to make use of the element of love in developing his plot, though the dramatic idea might be one wholly outside of it. Not only Romantic Drama itself has been created about the theme of love, but this theme has been almost universal in dramatic literature.

If the greatest epic of war was actuated by events incident to love, the greatest epic of religion is much more intimately bound up with it, for did not Dante break off abruptly the sonnets of the Vita Nuova, declaring that he would say no more of Beatrice until he could write of her what had not been written of woman? Not only the Paradiso, the apotheosis of love, but the Divine Comedy as a whole, though it ranges the entire field of mediæval thought and history, is lighted by this inner flame. While the love which inspired Dante in the Divine Comedy is a spiritual passion, the sublimation of all that is earthly, the Vita Nuova, relating the almost incredible genesis of this passion and its equally incredible persistence through the years in which Dante had no speech with Beatrice—is certainly the essence of mystic romanticism, if one may join the terms. Where, too, in the history of poetry is there so picturesque an event as Dante's summons to his poet friends to interpret his symbolical vision of Beatrice? The many responses which he declares that he received, show to what degree the sonnet, then new as a form, was being adopted as the instrument of love poetry. Does not Dante say, indeed, that the first poets to compose in the vulgar tongue did so because they wished to be understood by some lady, who could not follow the Latin verse? Thus love, in Italy, became the servant of language, and the sonnet, coming to birth as the vehicle of love, has remained, perhaps, its consummate expression.

What picturesque association, too, lies in the fact that the father of the poet, who was to become Dante's successor in the use of this medium, was banished from Florence on the self-same day as Dante and that two years later, on the very day in which the band of exiles made their futile attempt to re-enter the city, Francesco Petrarcha was born! To his compatriots, Petrarcha was the scholar, the humanist, who had translated and interpreted Greek literature; the historian who had sketched, by means of biography, the events of Latin civilization from Romulus to Julius Caesar; the diplomat who had been sent on delicate missions between Church and State in his desire to re-establish the papacy at Rome; the writer of the Latin epic "Africa" and of the Latin Eclogues and

Epistles, for to Petrarch himself the ideal practice was to work in the medium of the ancients. What, then, of the lover of Laura, what of the Canzoniere, those poems in vernacular by which alone Petrarch lives to the world of to-day?

So little did Petrarch expect from them, so little did he, the classicist, in spite of his constant revision of the sonnets and canzoni, appear to esteem his work in the vulgar tongue, that only a year before his death, writing to Pandolfo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, he says, "I have sent to you by your messenger these trifles which were the amusement of my youth. They have need of all your indulgence. It is shameful for an old man to send you things of this nature, but you have earnestly asked for them, and can I refuse you anything?" This was the entire manuscript of the Canzoniere, dismissed with the title, "Rerum Vulgarium Fragmenta," and yet these "fragments" in the vernacular, from which even Dante's great work had not yet taken the stigma, included that perfect body of sonnets which associated the name of Petrarch forever with this form and through which he expressed one of the immortal passions of literature. Petrarch the humanist gives way, in fame, to Petrarch the lover, while the sonnet from that period has offered to poets a vehicle for the most intimate expression. Shakespeare remoulded it to his needs; Sidney spoke through it; Mrs. Browning, in the last assize, will live by it; Rossetti, in "The House of Life," makes through it his finest appeal, and many other poets through the sonnet have immortalized the passion of love.

The work of Petrarch in the vernacular suggests the Provençal poets from whom it took its first impetus, the Troubadours, those "smiths of language," who influenced Dante as well and whom he has celebrated in several instances in the Divine Comedy. When Petrarch went to Avignon, the great days of the troubadour were past, but their tradition remained and to Arnaut Daniel, in particular, both Dante and Petrarch acknowledged their debt. Those wandering poets who attached themselves to the great houses and sang their traditions and exploits, who celebrated the life of courts and the graces of chivalry, have left to literature a great body of romantic love songs. Most of these, to be sure, were artificial and conventional, for the troubadour was expected to pour out his heart in extravagant adoration of the lady to whose house he was attached, irrespective of any inner compulsion in the matter; but this inner compulsion was not wanting to certain of the troubadours, who suffered banishment from the houses of their patrons for daring to let the heart follow the lips. Such was the fate of Bernart de Ventadour, who has left a group of love songs which can never cease to appeal, through their simplicity and tenderness.

Such, too, was the fate of Piere Rogier, whose songs celebrate Ermengarde, Countess of Narbonne, and for this same presumption Guillem de Cabestaing, lover of Marguerite, wife of Raimon of Roussilon, lost his life, as all know, at the hands of the outraged husband. How many times have subsequent poets told these stories, thus building up about the theme of love as sung by the troubadours, a secondary body of poetry often superior in quality to the first. Swinburne's poem of Jaufré Rudel,

> There lived a singer in France of old
> By the tideless dolorous midland sea,—

is the readiest illustration of one of these songs that comes to mind.

From Provençal poetry to the poetry of knight-errantry is but a step, and one finds it addressed primarily to the same theme, celebrating, however, not the amours of courts but the finer loyalties of chivalry. The Arthurian legends have in themselves inspired a body of poetic literature, each knight's story furnishing material for romance, while the passion of Launcelot and Guinevere holds its tragic beauty through the ages.

When one turns to English and Scotch balladry, tragedies of love vie with exploits of heroes. Exempting the great hunting ballad of "Chevy Chase," the shipwreck of "Sir Patrick Spens," the Riding Ballads and those of a purely historical nature, it is a matter of surprise how many remain, and those among the best known, which turn upon the fortunes and misfortunes of love. Who does not remember the protestations of "The Nutbrown Maid," the cruelty of "Barbara Allan," the fate of the lover drowned in "Annan Water," or the devotion of her who withstood "Edom o' Gordon"? Who has forgotten, either, that—

> Lady Nancy she died, as it might be, to-day,
> Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow,
> Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
> Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow,

and how the rose and the briar grew from their ashes and entwined? Briars and roses always entwined from the ashes of lovers in the old ballads and Motherwell points out that this particular bit of sentiment on the part of nature is common to folk-tales in all countries. One might name scores of ballads from the collections of Motherwell and Childs which relate the woes of hapless love or extol constancy. Many of these are amusing from our standpoint; but all are alive with native poetry, with that forthright passion never found outside of primitive verse. In the ballad of "Clerk Saunders," for example, how Margaret's cry to her dead lover remains in one's mind:

Is there ony room at your head, Saunders?
Is there ony room at your feet?
Or ony room at your side, Saunders,
Where fain, fain I wad sleep?

And the lines from "Helen of Kirconnel" have the same native pathos:

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnel Lea!

Scott, who expanded into stirring narrative so much of the Border Minstrelsy and collected from the people themselves many of the old heroic tales, took care to introduce a thrilling love element into them, pricking his heroes on to their martial exploits by some inspiration of chivalry.

If the epic, the drama, the sonnet, the ballad, the narrative, has so frequently been inspired by the motive of love, what shall one say of the lyric? The Elizabethan period, that outburst of love and song, is alone sufficient to show how an entire lyric epoch was dominated, one might say created, by this theme. Even the drama of the period, with the exception of Shakespeare's, has not been able to weather time as some lyric into which the same poet may have poured his exuberant passion. Marlowe of the splendid line lives, to the people, in the "Song of the Passionate Shepherd," while the plays of Ben Johnson, the learned, have sunk by their own weight, to leave, floating like an iridescent bubble over them, the song,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes!"

Elizabethan and Cavalier poetry has, to be sure, a superficiality of mood. No profound passion is expressed through it. It was as easy for a Cavalier to turn a lyric to his mistress as for a troubadour to celebrate the lady of his Court. Love was the stirrup-cup, sparkling and beaded, which the Cavalier dashed off at a draught, when setting out to weightier business. Life was young, the world was wide, hearts were elastic, and it was the part of wisdom to hasten the rebound:

Shall I, wasting in despair?
Die because a woman's fair?

is the essence of Elizabethan philosophy in matters of love, while the Cavalier mood could not speak more typically than in the advice of Suckling to the sighing lover:

Quit, quit, for shame!
This cannot move,
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The de——l take her!

The refreshing gaiety, the naïvete, the verve, of Elizabethan love poetry, the absence of sickly or morbid sentiment, makes it

stand out forever as the creation of a national mood, the composite spirit of an epoch, while the lyrics of Lovelace, most gallant of the Cavalier poets, come to one fresh at every reading, like something of miraculous creation, and declare that "Stone walls do not a prison make," as if they uttered a jubilate!

When one leaves the Elizabethan and succeeding periods which gave us the Cavalier poets, he not only leaves a mood never regained in poetry, but plunges into the gloomy reaction of Puritanism and all that interval of the Commonwealth and Restoration which gave us, indeed, the splendor of Milton but crushed out more intimate poetry. In the classic age that followed—the long period of Dryden and the autocratic supremacy of Pope—the passion of love, except in the most conventional manner, was practically unexpressed in poetry, and largely to this fact is due the sterility of the period. Classicism, scholasticism, reason, morality, manners—these engrossed the Augustans and found their natural vehicle in the inflexible couplet. The reaction of Romanticism, to thaw the icy mould into which poetry had frozen, was as inevitable as spring after winter.

The Romantic Movement was in no sense a love movement; it was far wider reaching than that. It was a movement of liberation, a setting free of the imagination, a reaffirmation of beauty, emotion and joy. Romanticism was merely the assertion that life is unique and must express itself in every poet after its own impulse. But out of this assertion came again the poetry of love as a natural consequence; not love, however, of one mood, as in the Elizabethan period, but diverse as the songs of Burns and the rhapsody of Shelley in "Epipsychidion"; as the melodrama of Byron's narratives and the exquisite delicacy of Wordsworth's "Lucy" poems.

To Shelley love was a thing of fire and air, too volatile long to be imprisoned in the flesh. It was the ideal beauty, the impossible perfection. Who could follow the flight of the spirit in "Epipsychidion" and live? Shelley, like one of his own Spirits of the Lamp, wandered too near this earth and was accidentally caught in the flesh, from which he strove always to free himself. Love was a means of release, a way out of the mortal snare which bound him. One can never think of Shelley's love poems as human; on the contrary, those of Byron are too human; yet this applies rather to the narratives than the lyrics and, with all due allowance for Byronic sentiment, it was much more than this that inspired the songs to Mary, the poems to Thyrza and the simple feeling of "When We Two Parted."

Keats gave us but little of a personal nature in the way of love, sadly as he was wrecked by it in the closing months of his life. When his unfortunate passion for Fanny Brawne began, he was already at the verge of his illness and scarcely in a condition thenceforth to give any lasting form to an experience from which he was undergoing such spiritual suffering; yet out of this experience came "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and that last exquisite sonnet written on the way to Italy.

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art."

Aside from any personal expression, however, Keats found in romantic narrative a vehicle to his hand as "Lamia," "Isabella" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" attest.

Tennyson, from that piece of Victorian Feminism, "The Princess," to the faultless lyrics of "Maud," expressed every phase of romantic love, and, taking into consideration the Idylls and the many brief narratives and lyrics having this theme, it probably bulks larger in his work than any other. One must go to Browning, however, for the modern conception of love and for the true understanding of woman. To Browning love was a spiritual comradeship, yet untinged by asceticism. It was not the romantic, as such, that appealed to him, but that which began where the romantic, as most poets conceive it, ends. Who but Browning would have troubled to show us the heart of "James Lee's Wife"? In any one of Browning's love poems, dramatic or lyrical, personal or impersonal, may be found some phase of his philosophy, some working out of a spiritual problem. All passions serve with Browning as forces for the soul, but perhaps this passion most of all. What contrast, then, in the reaction to the sensuous in Swinburne! Had the Victorian era not gone out with Swinburne, had the long period of Romanticism, persisting through the 19th century, not become spiritually decadent in Swinburne, despite the marvel of his art, the revolution which came in with Walt Whitman and changed the entire mood of poetry, might not have been so far reaching.

Whitman razed the Gothic structure of Romanticism. With the trumpet of democracy he demolished it, to assert for man a wider freedom. It was inevitable that when all life functioned through the universal, as in Whitman's creed, when the cosmic took the place of the particular, and the social law was paramount, that the purely personal and romantic conception of love must go. Whitman seems never to have known it, or at least never to have given it a place in his philosophy. To him, man and woman are cosmic forces under the compulsion of Life. This compulsion, to

Whitman, is good, as all life is good. He glorifies it as no pagan dared to glorify it, but it remains outside the personal and romantic: not the one dedicated to the one in a bond personal and exclusive, but the two as servants of life. One might, indeed, call Whitman the eugenist of love.

It was not in his specific attitude toward this subject, however, but in the democratic note of his entire work that Whitman became a force to overthrow Romanticism. With him came in the social passion which has been dominant thus far in the twentieth century; not exclusively, but as the prevailing mood of the period. Whitman is the solution out of which certain spiritual precipitates have come, and while one can trace no direct influence of Whitman in Edwin Markham, Whitman's democracy had made America ready for "The Man With the Hoe."

From Mr. Markham as an immediate influence came the body of social poetry which loomed so large during the first decade of this century and turned the attention of poets into objective channels. The reaction to society rather than the poet's reaction to his own life, became the inspiration of much of the work produced during that period. It was valuable to poetry in a general broadening of its interests, but, with the exception of Mr. Markham's own work, it has produced little that will be lasting.

When one adds to the social movement in verse the note of "externality" which has become the catchword of Imagism and of other new cults, he has further light upon the objective character of so much of the poetry of to-day. "Externality," says Miss Lowell, "is the main trend of the new manner" in antagonism to the "internality" of the 90's. "The modern gives us picture-making without comment." The trend of the new cults is altogether away from the subjective, and we have, therefore, through this school but little poetry of a personal nature. The social, or the purely contemporary in theme, has given way to the dramatic, developed not through plays but through characterization in narrative and monologue. Already Frost and Masters have created a school and the short story in verse is the mode of the moment. This, too, is valuable as freshening the spirit of poetry and giving it new scope; but what is good in theory is proving alarming in practice, flooding us, as it is, with amorphous productions, neither drama nor narrative, and usually devoid of constructive art. Both Frost and Masters have given us creative work, full of native vigor; but it remains to be seen what may crystallize from the school which has sprung from them.

Outside of the new cults, American poets of to-day, even the most subjective, have given us little poetry upon this theme.

Richard Hovey left us some superb love sonnets, as well as dramas and lyrics; his comrade, Bliss Carman, however, magical lyrist of nature, has scarcely touched this theme, nor did Madison Cawein, also preoccupied with nature. Clinton Scollard, whose deft fingers range over so many chords, strikes this one but incidentally. Edith Thomas, most subjective of our poets, one whose entire work is a personal reaction, has but two or three poems which directly employ this theme. Louise Imogen Guiney, distinguished and beautiful lyrist, has scarcely that number. Lizette Woodworth Reese, whose songs are so delicate that they escape you in analysis, like a half-captured butterfly which leaves but the dust of its wing in one's hand, has, on the contrary, given us some exquisite poetry of this mood, though one might hardly recognize it as such, in its withholding. Anna Hempstead Branch in "The Wedding Feast" turns her fine imagination and vision to a study of love as the sublimation, one might almost say the negation, of the physical; bounds. Fannie Stearns Davis had in her first book but two poems which could be construed as touching the theme of love, and her second volume, if I remember correctly, has no more. Edwin Arlington Robinson, microscopist of souls, has given us a gallery of men in spiritual portraiture, but few women, and he seldom interrelates the two. He has done it admirably in "The Unforgiven," in his new volume and in "Eros Turanos," but of love as a personal theme we have practically nothing in his work, nor as a psychological study, beyond its negative phases. It is the attitude of Masters refined and subtilized.

Our own period furnishes, too, as it should, a conception of love very different from that which prevailed in the 19th century, with the exception of Browning. The comrade spirit, the unity of interest in the world's work, which came in with this century, has put companionship between the sexes upon a mental basis, and whereas earlier romance had largely to do with the protective ideal on the part of man, it has now to do with the cooperative ideal on the part of both. Sex romance, which in earlier periods held a disproportionate place, is now but one expression of life which grows more and more a social, and not a particular, passion. It is not difficult, therefore, to understand why the age is objective nor why external stimuli furnish chiefly the inspiration of modern poetry. Each age has its own contribution to poetry, and in this feeling for new form and new content, in this attempt to free ourselves from tradition, both in subject and expression, we may be developing the new romanticism.

UNTRAMMELLED

Laurence Vail

"PIRI," said the little poet, "Piri is your name—Piri from the land of nowhere."

Her eyes danced and her teeth laughed; when she spoke her voice was wistful.

"Are you quite sure I come from nowhere?"

If her eyes were dancing, his were singing—a song of youth—a hymn of wonder. Life had never breathed so tenderly before. Earth was an enchanted garden, Asolo the magic village, Piri the fairy in the magic pleasure land. How wonderful it was to be a poet and feel line of hill and hue of sky in mellifluous syllable! How sweet to know Piri and be known of her, to be allowed to gaze upon her unrestrained, to listen to her, to revel in the cool crystal of her name! It was all so beautiful that it must be a little strange.

Through a mist of wonder tears he looked at her as she sat above him on the wall, her light brown hair blending with the gray-green peace of tree and hill, her body all aquivering with life. He remembered—and this struck him as the strangest thing of all—that he had only seen her seven times. Once—it did not seem so long ago, yet the years before were as a weary wilderness—she had passed him on the road to Castelfranco and he had wondered whether a grave Madonna had strayed from a canvas in a turret. Then it was morning and she had smiled at him, or as he afterwards put it, being by nature timid, at the radiance of the morn. Was it in their third encounter that they talked? He had been walking up a hill under the valiant sun of noon, the sun of early April, laden with the promise of fair days, meditating on the rich aptness of another poet's word—"Asolando," and how it summoned the spirit of the countryside. Above he had heard the music of the young laughter; his heart trembled and his eyes looked up. A blush rose to the surface of his skin; she had been amused at his astonishment. He remembered his disappointment when she had vanished suddenly beyond the wall, saying that her aunt would scold her if she were late for lunch. He had been puzzled; it seemed strange that she should have an aunt; she seemed unconnected.

"Do you believe I come from nowhere? I am glad that you believe it. Believe it! Believe it always! I need you to believe it always."

He started. So deeply had he been thinking of her that he had forgotten she was there.

He answered simply:

"I have always known it. There are so many colors in your heart—like silver when they shine together. Your words are drops of rain off the corner of the rainbow. Your silence is the incense of the dew at sunrise. Your joy is clear as a blade of green grass. I bathe in starlight when I am with you. But the world . . . I fear the world is often brown and sullen. . . ."

"What know you of the world—a poet?"

She slid off the wall and with a little cry dropped in his arms. To forget the horror of the fall she closed her eyes, but when she tried to open them, she found it difficult; for his lips were on them.

"Oh," she gasped, "you must not do this again!"

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing! No matter." These words were uttered in such a piteous voice that he forgot there were no clouds on the sky.

He seized her by the hand and they ran through the single street of Asolo. There was no hesitation in their step, up a street with high walls on either side, along the crest of an oblong ridge, down hollows and through glades; and they found themselves at the foot of a rise of land. They were so breathless when they reached the summit that they threw themselves upon the earth. A speck of red sun broke through a gap in the snow-clad peaks, spilling a narrow streak of crimson on the hills, on Asolo and on the plain. A stream of flame clove the flowered bosom of the land: a stream that became a ribbon . . . a thread . . . then there fell a mighty hush. On the rich wonder of the evening sky, one little star after another came to life, pale and twinkling at first, then fervent and serene. Life of the sky while the earth was sleeping.

He flung his head into her lap. He looked often at the star listening to little songs within him. When she looked down he looked at her eyes. Hours passed. They were serene and happy. They were serene as the stars, careless as the flimsy winds. . . .

* * *

Little drops of rain are falling on the city . . . incessantly . . . monotonously. It is the hour before the lights are lit. A wan glamor chills the houses, chills the blood and numbs the senses.

A stream of humanity is flowing . . . pursuing something . . . somewhere . . . an endless and a futile pilgrimage. . . .

Where is the sun? Where is the dainty breeze? True, these masses live, but like phantoms in the shade. At least it seems so to the little poet as he moves, pushed by the crowd . . . merged with them and yet so separate.

A man is selling papers at the corner of a street. A crowd exalts about him. Victory! The enemy defeated! Cries and tears of joy. The little poet does not understand.

He knows vaguely that a bitter fever has smitten the nations of the world. That over there . . . beyond the city walls . . . beyond the hills . . . millions are killing millions. He shudders. And yet why does he shudder? It is a terrible catastrophe, overwhelming and sublime, yet it is not given to him to understand either its horror or its glory. He has no part in the sentiment of carnage; he belongs to no family, he belongs to no clan. He has been given a voice and he sings. It is a little voice, but it belongs to him—only; it is untouched by the joys and sorrows of mankind.

He is a little poet. He feels only little things, feels them strongly and yet shyly. Often he has stood upon a bridge at dusk and watched the river pass. Often he has lain in the summer grass, eyeing the profile of a daisy. A breath of wind causing a ripple on the water, causing a feeble reed to bend, was sufficient pretext for a song. They are faint and delicate, his songs.

The world passed by him and never saw him. Neither did he see the world. The world and he are strangers. Life and he are strangers. So he drifted through pretty joys and pretty sorrows. Some little things were so splendid to him that he may have regretted, now and then, there was no one to listen to his words. Sometimes he may have made a little moan, but a streak of sunlight was more than sufficient to dispel his gloom.

One day he saw a woman laughing on a wall. Her name was Piri and he knew—before she told him—that she came from nowhere. How well he knew her! He knew her and was known of her!

Did he love her? This was a question which never occurred to her to ask. He did not even put it to himself. He only knew that his songs seemed more lustrous when she was beside him. He did not think that he would miss her when she left. Besides she could not go away. He had never missed anyone before.

Why did she go? The child from nowhere had gone somewhere and a storm had set her in motion—the same storm that caused so many men to kill. Without her, he would never have considered the calamity; it would have left him placid and untouched, like the snow on an alpine crest. Not that he understood it now—it was too much the business of the world—there were too many masses worried by it; still he felt vaguely rancorous, loathing it like some dim and fearful monster who had stolen his playmate from him. It was his entry into life, or rather his first glimpse at its vapid turmoil. He was a child and destined never to understand. He was dazed, a little frightened. . . .

The crowd pushes him and he is too helpless to resist. He

is like an autumn leaf, whirled hither and thither by the wind, careless of the powers that are driving it. . . .

He sees Piri in his mind and scarcely knows whether he wants to see her with his eyes. But his spirit is vaguely aching for her. His spirit is lost and incomplete without her.

He drifts into the railway station. There is smoke and there is din; lights dash freely to and fro. Lights set him dreaming of the stars. It is so long since he has seen the stars! They are not stars . . . the city stars.

There are soldiers, so many soldiers . . . going to kill and to be killed. The populace is wild, buoyant and alive. Women weep and old men weep. His heartstrings tighten, but not through pity. He knows them not. Never has he known them. How could he pity them?

A large and florid officer brushes against him with a woman on his arm. He shrinks unconsciously at the sight of the stout figure of the man, his important chest, his valiant attitude.

The poet listens vaguely to the officer's farewell: "Good-bye, little one." And he hears the words that have no meaning for him: "God . . . Fatherland . . . Glory. . . ."

She is left alone. She is not weeping like the other women, and there is no look of pride upon her face. She grieves not; she does not rejoice; she seems astonished . . . dazed . . . a little frightened. . . . Piri and the little poet look at one another. Their fingers clutch. She gazes at him piteously."

"You see I belong somewhere . . . to someone . . . I lied to you. It was so sweet and wondrous to believe the lie! And yet . . . even now . . . when he is gone . . . I know not if I did not tell the truth. . . ."

She came from the crowd and she is gone into the crowd. And yet she is so separate from them. He has found her and he has lost her. It is all too terrible to understand.

* * *

The winter drags. Days pass, how many days! The little poet drifts. He is lost and he cannot sing. He can neither smile nor sigh. Has he come into the storm of life? Is he another spirit on the battlefield? Why fight? What is life? Where is the battlefield? Why cannot he lie down upon a hillside and murmur to himself? He had joy and it came easily to him. It flowed through him like water flowing down a hill. Happiness sang in him like singing water. And now he has no joy. He hears that one must struggle for one's joy. It seems impossible to him. How can one struggle and be happy?

What is a poet but the maker of works for the ennobling of

mankind? A voice to wail? A voice to conquer and to exult in victory? Has he suffered for humanity? Has he done something to soften their rude lot? He knows that he has done nothing. He knows that he can do nothing. He knows not whether he wishes to do anything.

Life passes near him in these days. It does not even singe him with its flame. He retires from the turmoil. It is his nature to retire. Life can have no hold on him. Were he to fling himself into the furnace, the flame would not even scorch him. His soul is hard and pure as crystal—whiter than the whitest flame. A poet? He is no prophet and no doctor. He sings not of the world to come; he sings not of the twilight of the past. He destroys not and he does not create. He does not heal; he does not wound. A little fountain in a little wilderness. He has lisped of birds and swaying reeds in words that had a meaning to him. He hears not now the twitter of the birds. He does not hear the whisper of the reeds. He does not scent the perfume of the stars. A silent mere in a malignant forest.

Strange that he does not seek for Piri. She might turn the sighing mere into a laughing fountain. He is afraid of her. She is afraid of him. Two children, lost in the wood, who cannot find each other's hands.

One day he finds himself outside a hospital. There is yellow straw upon the street. Men and women hush their voices as they pass; even the carriages smother their heavy grumble. It is an oasis of rest among the turmoil. He returns there often to seek peace, he who never sought peace before.

It is twilight and he sees Piri coming out of the large house. He feels the pressure of her little fingers. Then she goes. They do not speak. She is neither glad nor sorrowful. How well they understand each other—how well they know those things which they can never understand.

He never seeks to follow her. Her fingers sometimes are cold. Sometimes they are warm. She comes and then she goes. It is like water passing underneath a bridge.

Once in her eye he sees a tear.

"You see that I belong to someone."

The next thing that he sees is a smile. He does not see another tear. Another day she says to him:

"I shall never come back. Look how I am sad. Am I not sad? I belong to no one now. Where shall I go?"

The little poet follows her. They walk together . . . they walk . . . they walk . . . beyond the city . . . beyond the plains . . . beyond the hills.

RAW LAND

KATE SMITH

Being the brief experience of a pioneer woman farmer

PART I

JANUARY 5. The deed names me owner of ten acres. The men who made out the papers speak of the ten acres as "raw land." But three times I have gone forth to see what I have bought, and from the edge I see no land at all. Only wilderness, sky, hills, gray rugged mountains. The sky is a wonder of blue and white at midday. What must it be at sunrise and in the evening? Some day I shall see. The hills are purple with deep green folds. The mountains are gray with deep blue folds, and are high and majestic. Eucalyptus trees, a long line of irregular beauty, come with the mountains. They stand on some one else's land I am told, but nevertheless I own what I see of them. They are part of the day's beauty to me. The wilderness is full of living things. I can see flashes of wings and hear scurrying feet as I push a little way into the brush.

January 15. I must penetrate the wilderness. Four times I have gone out from the hard white line of pavements to stand on the edge and plan a way of entering. The wilderness must go.

February 20. Fourteen bobbing turbans, red, once white, and lemon color, are hacking a gateway. Hindoos with white teeth and smooth brown skins are swinging heavy mattocks and axes under the direction of a white overseer. They laugh and talk as they work in a cluster—all but one. He is gray and tired-looking and works off by himself. "The best is yet to come—the last for which the first was made." Yes, but not for the poor! Do you think he would say so, this work-worn old man with a dogged look? Are there things more bitter than age and poverty? What lessons life must have taught that give such stoicism to this one, who, old and poor, works grimly on, asking no favors? The old man almost made me forget the pleasant ring of axes, singing an admission to the wilderness, and the picturesque group of workers, turbans nodding in the high brush they were cutting.

February 23. The overseer tells me they have cleared about five acres. It is enough. I shall move a sleeping place on some convenient part and maybe become a farmer. They have spared the oak trees and bushes, saved the greasewood roots for fuel, and piled high for burning all the heavy growth of sage and chaparral.

I walk in and out among the high heaps and tell myself I shall be a pioneer and burn it off when I come out to live. The men were all carted away in a wagon, and as it rumbled off they still chattered and their white teeth still flashed. These Hindoos look singularly unsophisticated, and yet too knowing, like pert, irresponsible children. The old man has gone. I asked the overseer. "He was too old to work well," he said. "No, he does not understand one word of English. You couldn't keep him. He would not work here alone. Besides he's no good. He's too old." Nevertheless I wish I could help him. Poor old age is so pitiful.

March 1. Such questioning and planning and bargaining! I am shopping for a house. A dear friend with a head packed with ideas and a nimble pencil has sketched his drawing-board full of cottages. We began with four rooms, for my fastidious self could not possibly live in fewer. But the very first general estimate quite shrank our notions. Is anyone in the world more impractical than a teacher? They live in a world of theories and are so preserved in an atmosphere of authority and finality, like phosphorus under water, unless they are pulled violently out of that element once in awhile, like the phosphorus, they never know a really live and burning moment. I may starve playing at farming, but at least for a time I shall burn.

March 5. The pucker string of my purse is pulling in my plans for a house. It is squeezed down now to one room and a kitchen. Part of the rawness of my land is its rockiness. Like so many California foothill valleys, this one is bowlder-strewn. These bowlders make beautiful building stones. I want a little stone cottage. In another week, a contractor will meet me on my raw land and we will talk building stones, cottages, cost and location. I am sadly put to know just where to build. The only trees, a group of young oaks, are on the lowest corner where a rocky arroyo cuts across, that with winter rain becomes an intermittent stream. The high land seems bleak, since the Hindoos took away the first look of its rawness.

March 14. We met, that contractor man and I. I live and I have had an experience. Owing to the state of my exchequer, frankly explained to him, he advised me to put up a temporary house of wood, which I shall do, in the meanwhile, building stone houses of whatever size pleases me, large and substantial, small and fantastic, plain, ornate, with turrets and courts, deep nooks and broad porches, and for nothing at all but my time and my fancy. He came out on his motorcycle, that work of the devil, that first spits and protests, then lunges exploding forward like a shot from a cannon. Chug—chug—chug-chug-chug-chug-

chgchgchg-chchchchchchch—I hear it panting under me like a great beast, beating my heart up into my throat and forcing it to race with its own bloodless gas-drunk engine, while we, it and I, race with the wind. He was a kindly man, an every-day flesh and blood being who gathered flowers for his wife, without the great goggled look of the demons who beat down upon me in the streets and shave at my life with a rush, pounding out threats at my slowness.

I missed the 'bus as we talked about stones, and so when he offered the hospitality of a seat on the rear of his motorcycle, in innocent faith I accepted. And he smiled with mild blue eyes, and with grave courtesy he helped me to mount. In years past I had ridden many bicycle miles, so very confidently I balanced on the saddle, got a grip on the forward end of it, and placed my feet on the balance pedals with a fine feeling of a lark. He touched up a starter, ran along a few rods, then sprang into the saddle and we were off. We started, mind you, faster than ever my legs had gone round. I wanted to seize him about the neck and hang there for dear life. I think that terror of our flight and the insecurity of my hand-hold would have robbed me of all maidenly modesty and sent my arms where they were longing to go, if Providence in the guise of a sand stretch had not intervened and sent us instead flying, him straight ahead and me to the right, heels over head. It was Providence, I know, for though the devil's machine stayed with me, we were neither of us hurt. Could I do anything but reassure him by climbing on again?

The road was smooth, and we chtychtychtyed off in a whirl of dust. In a whirl of dust? In front of any whirl of dust that ever could rise. Nothing could keep up with us. I had started jauntily with a nosegay. I threw it away to seize my hat that broke from tight moorings in an effort to join the wild things that danced madly behind us. How I longed for his neck, but my hands were both busy. My skirt bellied out at each side like bladders. It was short and soon lifted higher, then flapped, flapped, flapped, like crowing roosters' wings, only faster and louder. And all the time the demon conductor, with his false gentle face, talked over his shoulder of the joys of "motor-sickling." I could trust my tongue only to monosyllabic answers. We horizontalled round a corner. I caught my heart in my teeth as I felt the sand scraping my cheek raw. But the demon conductor yelled over his shoulder, "You take corners well for an amateur," and we tore on. I gave up. I gulped down my heart. I grew resigned. I took my life, my whole busy important life, in my two hands, so to speak, vowing that never, never again would I be deceived into this kind of infernal dealings.

A hill rose up before us. "We'll have to speed up, to get to the top," the demon was saying and he ripped open something that sent the ground seething under us. I dared not look at it. I fixed my glance over his shoulder at the highest point on the hill. I grew calm with the calmness in the presence of death. He chatted carelessly of forty, forty-five, fifty miles an hour. My skirt was draped at my waist like sash ends still flapping, and I looked down with pride to note that all passers-by could see how well stockings matched my high boots, how neatly my bloomers fitted at the waist. We raced by street-cars, around people on foot who bent fearfully at the knees. I gazed over his shoulder in fascination. I was in the grip of the demon, completely under his spell. I wished never to stop, but to fly flapping on forever and ever.

One last scrape of my cheek on a curve and we stopped. The change was too great. My agony was like that of a resuscitated drowning person. I sat limp on my perch, hat on one ear, hair straying wildy.

"This is where you said we should stop, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, and smiled without sense. I got down on the side-walk, three full feet shorter than I had been an hour before, and limp and loose-jointed. I pulled my hat on straight.

"How do you like motor-sickling?"

It was the kindly-faced man with the pleasant crinkles about his eyes that I had seen in the wilderness who asked.

"Thank you, very much," I said in husky undertones. "It was a great experience. I shall never forget it."

March 20. I have bought a ready-made house. It has two tiny rooms, one thickness of wood, brown outside and in. It is to be taken down in sections, loaded on a wagon and carted to the country. Yesterday Bert and I walked back and forth among the brush heaps, choosing where it shall stand. The heaps are so high and so close together that choosing was difficult. An unsightly green barn in a neighboring field forbids the high ground. Besides, the eucalyptus trees are too near. They shut out half the mountains. A small clustered live-oak shall shade the yard, which is to be neither high ground nor low.

March 24. Poor little brown house! The eighteen miles from town is up, up, up, all the way. So by the time the horse had panted often it was past dark. The last part of the way was so steep that half of the load had to be taken off and brought in a second trip. It began to rain, presently to pour. The water came down from the mountains in floods. New York Avenue—such is really the name—is a sandy, rocky water-way—in California speech,

a wash, and soon the rain proclaimed it as such. The driver managed to find the corner but could not find the tree, for nine o'clock and blackness had joined the flooding avenue to welcome him. A neighbor, the owner of the green barn, brought a lantern, and on a high gravelly side of the road they unloaded my house. There it lay, a wet disconsolate heap of brown square sections. The sun shines to-day and to-morrow it is to be set together again.

March 25. "House of cards" I kept thinking as I watched my castle rise. It seems I have set up many such houses in miniature, only I failed to pin them so neatly together, and so they fell. The clouds and wind have played a mad game of tag to-day. When the men came out with me to set up the house, the day was fair and shining. Piece by piece they began to carry it back from the road. A great pile of brush, higher than the house, marked the building site. They set it afire, and it blazed and roared out a boisterous song of times gone by and pleasant days to come. Before the ashes were cool, the men laid out the underpinning. I feared my house of cards would fall all too soon on such a rising, but even as we argued, the first game of tag ended in the dash of a great cloud to earth. The driving shower sent us all three to squat under a section of brown house that leaned against the oak. Thus I entertained my first guests, who were frankly interested only in each other and their exchange of smokes.

It cleared again. The floor was laid. Uprights and cross pieces fell into waiting iron pockets. The green-blue hills grew black. I saw slanting lines driving against them, and fled to my shelter. The slanting lines moved rushing across the valley, covered the floor with an inch of fine hail, beat loudly upon our retreat, and then vanished as the sun came sternly from behind the scurrying clouds. The men scraped the hail from the floor with a piece of scantling, and hurried to set the sides in place.

Only half of my house up, I grew so cold I had to walk to the car and go home. Several times in the four miles the wind again won the game and I stood under trees with other out-door creatures while the clouds pattered down.

March 27. Moving day! What pride have I? My city training all laid aside I needs must ride upon the high seat of a green farm wagon behind a slow-footed plow-horse that hauled my goods and chattels from the town. Water pipes rattling, barrels and boxes of hardware, chairs and tables, bedding and groceries, the driver and I, we plodded through the streets and along the highway together. O, how slow it was. I might better have walked, only it seemed a rite, an initiation ceremony, as it were,

to sit humped upon that high green seat, and nod to all passers-by and so to enter my country estate.

Diligent Little Sister Bert, meanwhile awaiting me, had kindled a fire that threatened the country-side. Anxious to make a great showing, she lighted a dozen or more piles of dry brush all at one time. They were slow in starting, but presently burst into roaring flames and blew back into the sage brush. She has a steady head and a strong arm, and she beat back the little catching blazes. But her strong arm was not strong enough, so, near a state of exhaustion, she called a neighbor to the rescue. He is a strapping young fellow, and soon, working together, they beat all the burning back out of the brush. She has had her lesson. She could not be convinced that fires would spread so easily. When the men who cleared said it was dangerous to burn, she made her usual comment, "Nobody can tell me."

March 28. All the whole country alone at night! The thought was too much for me on moving day. So I yielded to Bert's persuasion when evening came and walked down to the car with her and back to my city world. But this morning the first 'bus carried me out again. Brown corduroys, a jumper, high boots, an enveloping five cent hat—that is my uniform. The day's work has put one pair of motorman's cotton gloves to the bad. Six mountainous brush heaps that nearly hid the house have gone their noisy way in flames. And now, unburied, my little house looks high up in the air. The slope of the ground has the front end standing on thin bare legs at least three feet above the ground, while the rear door is a good step for a long-legged person.

March 29. It would not have hurt him. I wrestled with stove pipes for an hour, broke a pair of snips cutting at a seam, and decided I was stupid when I could not make it fit. My neighbor came by, the pilot of yesterday, and stopped for a chat. It was cold and I suggested that I needed help in putting up my stove. He invited me to their house. It was hospitable. But I wanted a fire and not company. Since this is to be my first night alone in the large wild world, not for a great deal would I leave my own fireside, fireless and chill though it is. He will come in the morning to fit the pipe outside and in. Meanwhile I shiver and hasten to bed. My mattress is too long and too wide for the built-in bed. I must remake it in the morning while my deliberate neighbor connects up my heating apparatus. Wonder whether I can acquire the unhurried way of this countryside. It looks worth having.

March 30. It was dampish to-day, which made it fine for day labor. With rocks and to spare, I decided to wall in my underpinning. Result. Sore arm muscles, skinned hands, broken back,

dressed-up looking house. It is no lady's task, even when done in a spirit of high art, with an eye for color and shape in the selection of stones. Beauties they are, with shadings of gray relieved with occasional pink, black, and white, and with flat-fluted, green lichens, which I hope will not wrinkle up and disappear. For all my aches it is hardly half done.

March 31. I brought a small pick out from home. Not that I can use it right away. My arms are bulgy in new places and sore. Writing on blackboards seems not to have developed them properly for heaving stones. My new wooden wheelbarrow appeared in exactly nine pieces and a bag of bolts and nuts. I had no idea it would be dissected in so thorough a manner. The stove-pipe episode made me sit down with determination and the nine pieces. Nor did I rise till it stood ready for tight screwing. Five times and four ways I set it together, but I'm proud; for it wheels; and it looks right; and I've learned to use my hands.

April 3. A wheelbarrow is a nasty thing, though useful. Think I would like a boy's express wagon better for hauling roots to a stack and transporting heavy stones. It would not hump my shoulders, nor stretch already uncommonly long arms.

Everywhere yellow wall-flowers are in bloom. They are nodding clusters of sunlit fragrance.

April 8. A day-and-a-half in bed at home. That is what comes of jumping too hastily from English classics and the voice of verbs to pick, wheelbarrow and rake! Twelve huge bonfires in one day did "it," "it" being a nervous headache. But they cleared the way for my good-hearted neighbor to lay the water-pipe to the house. Now I do not have to carry water from the road. I raked and cleared about the brush-piles before and while they burned to keep from setting the whole country-side afire until my fingers refused to open and my arms to unbend. They cramped. I was so interested in what I was doing that that was the first intimation I had that I was tired. I came in and sat by the window. Presently I heard a roar and looked out to see what made it. Two more heaps had caught and were voicing their delight. Cramp or no cramp I had to dash out and throw dirt on the edges. Then I called my pipe-laying friend to the rescue and left him in charge.

April 10. Some of the stones of my foundation are so big I had to set the wheelbarrow on edge, knock them against it, and catch it at a level as they fell together. Then lifting the legs above the ground, I let Mr. Wheelbarrow run away with me down the hill—having been careful to get them from the up part of the slope —and dump them where I wanted them. Bert says the effect is comparable in massiveness only to the San Pedro breakwater. Bert

was out for a day and we engineered flat stones into steps on two sides of the porch. We feel particularly boastful over a double step on the high side. It is smooth, broad and firm. Six fires a day is my present allowance. The country side is brilliant with canterbury bells, scarlet bugler and white forget-me-nots.

April 12. Poor little furry things. When I lighted the bonfires to-day a field mouse ran from heap to heap. I cleared away a huge rat's nest from my yard live-oak. It was at least six feet high, built of twigs, leaves, and sticks. The rat was not at home when I reached his fibre-lined inner court. I think, though, I saw him perched in a tree near by, hiding against the trunk, and twitching his whiskers at me.

I trimmed up the lower part of the tree so I can get under it. The oaks hereabouts grow in clusters. I left six in the group I call the tree.

Rabbits, big and little, sage, cotton-tail, and jack, jump in and out of the brush, and when I am not too noisy, come out into the open. Frightened, they have a most insane way of jumping wildly back and forth in little triangles, nervously scattering sand and leaves with their feet.

April 20. Bert and I have built wooden steps at the front and a 4 by 10 platform at the back. Our first carpentry! It is firm and neat. Did not miss a single nail!

April 24. Have graduated from apprenticeship in rough lumber to cabinet-making with dressed. Built a little cabinet for linen and toilet articles, not having as yet foregone the use of these luxuries. It fills me with puffs of pride. All except one door whose upper edge is not quite straight. But that is hidden under the projecting top so that only an old maid like myself could notice it. Ah, that school-room precision! How it gets into one's veins! That is, every one's except the ones for whom it is cultivated, and they abjure it with an energy that is the joy of youth.

April 27. What tricks the light plays in the valley! To-day has been one of drifting draperies. Clouds lighter and filmier than finest gauze have dipped to the mountain tops, clung softly, then dreamed off and up, leaving for the moment a caressing fragment of white to float from hollow to hollow. The eucalyptus have been dark against the blue of the range. As I lay on the couch I saw two far-away trees standing quite alone change suddenly from the black-green they were wearing to living light. Even as they were touched by magic they began to fade and the light flew to a nearer group of fresh green fruit trees and slanted through them in a long gleaming shaft that was not yellow nor any color but just light, until one looked to the somber gray of the sky, the black of

the eucalyptus, then back again, and the shaft gleamed golden. Then it crept down the valley, gilding a sage stalk here, tipping a sumach there, and then—it was gone.

A heavy gray-white mist curtain has cut the range squarely, all but one peak. That one is thinly veiled. Back and forth, up and down, out and in, swings its film of mist, concealing nothing, but urging the eucalyptus line forward till it presses against my boundary. Fuming and turning, it grows thicker and promises soon to be a heavy white background for the trees, with the mountains gone completely. Overhead is rain gray, but down the valley out toward the world shines a patch of yellow sky glorying in the last look of the sun that has deserted us.

April 28. Back of yesterday's wall of mist the wind king was at work. He it must have been who dropped the heavy white pall in front of his work-shop. There in a cleft in the mountains he made a mighty compound that presently escaping, revelling in its power, flung back the curtain, tattered it to scurrying bits that fled far away and out of sight, leaving the valley flooded in whitest moonlight. All things in the valley swung out their arms, bending and swaying in their places or dancing in wild whorls up and down, then away, away! The windows tore and squeaked on their hinges, the blinds flapped loose, the house of cards shuddered, but it stood.

This morning the air is clear enough to show every fold in the mountains. I peer toward a blue cleft to see if the wind king watches his ministers racketing and tossing all things below him, lifting high columns of dust, making the trees bend their tips to the earth in sign of submission, and dancing the loose leaves in an ecstasy of entertainment. But I cannot see him where he broods and plans and incites, only a misty shifting shadow that perhaps is his, and a depth of blue that may be a bit of his mantle.

April 30. A motley band of goats overran my cleared patch today. They came blatting and stumping along on their little wooden legs, flicking their tails and looking silly and wise with their beards and square foreheads. Several must investigate my tub of water, to do which they jumped stiffly up on my back porch. One black one, more impudent and curious than the rest, stood upon his hind legs, butted against the door, and peered in through the upper half of the glass. When I answered his insistence, he looked me over curiously, shook his beard at me and trotted away.

His owner, a long gaunt man, ragged-hair like his goats, also looked at me curiously and in broken, guttural voice asked who owned the place. Was I alone? No man? No husband? He shook his head doubtfully. Too bad! He looked sharply from his fringed face and asked whether I could not get some one to stay

with me. He did not understand my smile and turned away with a puzzled look to make harsh sounds to his goats, and to send his dog helpers after them. Then he circled with a long, loose arm. "They can eat?" I nodded and he went shouting gruffly away.

He, too, lives alone, but that is not strange. Only I am strange! How alike we people are in our way of sitting in judgment on the other fellow, in our belief in the rightness of our own methods! Goat man, teacher, scientist, farmer's boy, each one ready to advise the other, all seeking blindly the road to content, the way of fulfilment, yet ready to wonder at the other's unseeing way!

May 1. My pile of greasewood roots is really mountainous. There is a trick in that trade too. If you pile them straight and high and then try to lift the handles of the barrow, no matter how tight the pack, the first unevenness makes the pyramid begin to totter. The right way is to have them lean toward the handle, just ready to topple, seize the handle quickly and start more quickly. You may get a whack on the head, but that is only another chastener of the spirit, a lesson in the school of agility.

May 6. Bert came out from town with the present of a dozen eucalyptus trees, little fellows about fifteen inches tall. I decided to plant them on the west line so that in a few years they will be there for sunset curtain drops. A straggling group off in the western sky have long been our delight at home. But where was the west line? It lay as yet undiscovered in the virgin wilderness. We grew excited with the feeling of explorers and pathfinders. Armed with a two-edged mattock and a sharp hatchet, we set out. One day I had pushed about in the brush and found the corner post. This day we were to blaze a trail to it. A lone oak tree rears almost due west, my sunset oak it is, and toward this we began to hack, to chop, and to grub. Oh, but we made the merry woodland ring! The sage and other bushes are easy, but the greasewood roots are hard enough to make the mattock rebound with a metallic sound. We worked in about two minute shifts with five minute intervals for laughing and breathing. But in two hours time we had a wide path to the corner. Then it was to find the line. When the valley was plotted, the first drawing must have been made on cloth, and just as it was drawn all quite properly at right angles, someone jerked the corners, for all the lots are diagonals, which makes lines in the wilderness somewhat hard to find; Bert was invited to go to the north corner, which is marked by a stone wall, and take with her the longest stalk of a Spanish dagger that was to be found.

Just as she got her hat with a red bandana hoisted on this

flagstaff and with a croak in the throat like a cuckoo clock began to "ooh-ooh" to me, it began to rain. My business was to do the scientific sighting and to set up a stick between us to indicate where to plant. Rain or no rain, it had to be done. I could see from occasional places her hat held fifteen or more feet above the ground. I dodged and sighted and ran and replaced, while the rain slanted across little Bertie standing like an outdoor caryatid holding aloft a sopping emblem of freedom. With three sticks to decide the line, I called to her to go to the house. Not much! She came tearing back through the brush and we planted. Our skirts got heavy. We took them off. In bloomers and jumpers, water slushing about in our boots, we picked rocks away and dug places for the trees. At six o'clock, the path cut between the last two trees, we came dripping to the house. And then the sun came out to set.

May 14. Life without a bathroom is not to be endured. I have built one. A simple device, costing eighty cents, consisting of a wooden frame built on the end of the platform porch extended for that purpose, and seven yards of brown canvas sewed together in six foot lengths and fastened to the frame with hooks and rings. A rubber hose with shower attachment, and a good sized tub—my wash tub—to stand in! To be sure, I froze to death and wept in agony of the flesh this morning over the iciness of the water, but at noon when the sun has touched the pipes for several hours, it is heavenly. Also I seem to have started a fashion. Two neighbors, admiring, have adopted the plan.

May 9. "The bees are killing the drones to beat the band—a pretty sure sign of a storm. And yet the weather looks clear." A bee-keeper who made this prophecy is my neighbor at the foot of the hill. His house quite fascinates me. One small room is tidy kitchen with well blacked stove and shining kettles; is bedroom with white spread bed curtained by skins of king snake, rattler, red racer, skunk, coyote, squirrel, lynx, dangling in irregular line above the end and side; is music room with a fragmentary guitar and a pile of music heaped in the corner. There you have him—a gentle white-haired man with the kindest of smiles who tells entertaining stories of his bees, while he robs them of honey, rich, golden and more fragrant than any from Hymettus, honey made from "wild lilac, sage and filaree." For diversion he tans the skins of all creatures luckless enough to fall into his hands or to be brought by the neighbors, to a softness a tanner might envy. And betimes he composes. The bridge lies flat upon his guitar, the neck is sprung, and a piece is out of the body, but he pats it tenderly and "will soon have it working again." He sang in a pleasant

tenor a melody it had pleased his fancy to fit to doggerel that amused him. It amused me, too. Who would not have smiled at "I love them, dear enamelled cheeks" anywhere, but out here in the great open what silliness it sounded! I trailed about among his boxes, making the acquaintance of queens, interested in the wrath of disturbed workers, and enjoying his skill in moving among them. My bucket is full of liquid gold. I love to have it, but I do not care to eat it. It is for my friends. Some bought before and hidden away in a cool place is turned to candy.

May 19. All day I have been an inert observer, sensuously alive to everything outdoors, playing peeping Tom from my couch that commands three open windows. The wind has hurried in from the valley below to fondle the glossy new leaves of the live oak; and how she has fluttered at his touch and turned about to show off her pink tips and her gay tasseled trimmings. The world is full of color and odor. The prickly phlox is vying with the cañon lilac for queen of the open spaces.

Why this rarely beautiful valley should have been so completely forgotten is a daily wonder to me. By either road, it is barely fifteen easily accessible miles from town. A scant handful of houses, half of these empty, cluster near the store, and half a dozen more lie scattered throughout the eight miles of length, only one or two with gardens or other sign of cultivation. For the rest, acres of undisturbed and forgotten wilderness.

May 20. The change is a good one. I have moved my table under the window so that I lose no time while at the task of eating. Just now a quail pattered within twenty-five feet of me, his topknot pointing the direction of his hurry. Behind him, English fashion, came his demure little hen. I whistled a long low note and he climbed for a second on a rock. He was a pretty sight with his buff waistcoat trimmed with orange and speckled in front, his slaty coat and black head trimmings. For all his gayness, he knows and so does she, that his little hen is the really important member of the family. A cock more or less is only a cock more or less, but now a hen quail means a family soon. So while he stands on his watch tower looking about for danger, she feeds busily on, or hides close to the earth. She is so round and fat that her head looks almost too small to supply her puffy body. No wonder she keeps it so busy peck, pecking; it must be nearly time for her to hide away. I can hardly wait to see her when she comes proudly but fearfully forth with her troop of little brown puffs.

Even as I write, a little fly-catching bird with tousled head came beating against the screen. I felt myself to be a hateful creature, for I thought he had hurt himself in trying to fly straight

through the room, the windows being opposite each other. However, he flew back and tilted up and down upon a sage stalk. Presently he darted in zigzags close to the ground, then back to the sage with a moth so large in his beak it had to be swallowed in several gulps. The moth safely down, he kept alert watch. A fly rested on the screen and quick as a flash he beat against it once more. Three times he has come to the window and taken a fly, to which he is more than welcome, as I am prejudiced against his tidbit. I like his tousled head; it gives him a boyish look.

May 25. Virgin soil indeed! A base misuse of virgin it seems when one wrestles with the rocks. But virgin truly in its beautiful quality and rich promise. My first garden is in, a family truck patch I believe they uglily call it. Beans, peas, carrots, lettuce, at the first planting. It is only ten by forty feet, though it represents many hours of digging. So many roots and rocks there were that nothing but strong patience as well as strong muscles could have transformed it. My arms are hard as a doll-baby's. I shall have to hurry my fence up before my seeds hurry up, else the bunnies that daily cavort about my place will be the only beneficiaries of all my labor,

May 30. Chicken wire is refractory stuff. It has a most goodly, rather say badly, share of the enraging perversity of all inanimate things. If I worked with it long or often one of two things would happen. Either I would acquire a temper control that is perfect or I should take to biting on provocation. For by the time I have stretched a three-foot length trim and snug and am prepared to staple it down, and instead find it writhing and turning out of my hand, and the hammer coming down just then to fasten it so that I have to take inch tucks all along the edge, I am in no mood for prayer. Nor do I like its ugly way of twisting up suddenly to rake a great gash across my arm wherever it has a loose wire. But my little fence is up, and my soul and self-respect were both saved by the three town people who came in time to help dig the last post holes and put stones along the edges so the rabbits cannot crawl under. And it is not an addition to the place, either. It looks sadly amateurish and woman-done with its sumach posts and tucked and billowing wire.

June 9. Pest! The rabbits have found and eaten at my trees. They have revelled in my garden. That's what comes of listening to city allurements. But haven't they a right? Who is the intruder in this wilderness? Who is the despoiler of forage, the disturber of peace? Not they. But they might have left my trees, my little, happy, inoffensive trees. They were not good eating any way. They bit them off in sheer wantonness of spirit and left

them on the ground. Six still stand, and those I've hooped in with barrel staves. The buckets of water I have carried! It makes my arms ache to think of it.

June 11. A poet came to-day. An exponent of some attuned philosophy. It seems that even they fail to find loveliness where it is loveliest when they are hungry. He grumped at the distance, nearly jumped out of the bone-racking stage in a fit of impatience, was ungraciousness itself all the way up the hill, and like a wilful boy found pleasure only in throwing stones at things and trying to hit targets and tin cans with my six-shooter. I failed to read his symptoms till we came back with a bucketful of honey from the bee man's. When I said it should be hot biscuit and honey for lunch, he protested so at the biscuit that at last, knowing him for a Southerner and so a hot-bread lover, when he peevishly said it would be too long to wait, I knew he was hungry. He had come without breakfast. I made the biscuit in a jiffy, and over them, a five-egg omelet, wine, and honey, his spirits began to bubble and he became once more poet, philosopher and preacher.

June 12. Face to face with myself. "The great terror of a place like this is not its isolation, nor any harmful things that belong to it or in it, but the fact that here one may come upon himself, face to face with himself."—So a friend to-day. What better thing can be than that occasionally we face ourselves. "Terror?" Never. Unpleasant? Yes, probably for most of us. As a searcher of hearts, a stripper of shams, a finder of realities, the hill-hemmed wilderness is doing its work. It is a joyous experience. The ugly little false ambitions for higher pay, for showier position, hateful petty jealousies, skulk away and are lost. Life, the modern city sort, can stand so much stripping and then it shines forth a glowing wonderful thing, to be fashioned with trembling hands, eyes luminous, heart beating high, one's every sense on edge and mind alert to fulfill the trust. And this the trust. To be at peace, and every day so to live that happiness is given to others. So simple and so difficult. But solitude lays a grave snare even as it helps. No, not solitude, but selfishness. For in solitude, this wilderness solitude, the better understanding that comes, the peace that emanates from the hills, that is whispered from the flowers, that comes breathing from the trees, may prove a lotus blossom and lull to forgetfulness of others. The great cry of life is **Give!** And then, **Give!** So only is it beautiful and perfect. And to give one must be with others. So the wilderness must be only a refuge, a place to turn to for strength to do the real work of life, whatever that may be.

(To be continued)

A BREATH FROM THE HILLS

IT was in the midst of the appalling mid-summer heat. I had come up from the cave life of the city to the hills and we were sitting in the garden when we noticed a lichen-covered knob on a tree. Closer examination revealed it was not a knob at all. It was the house of a fairy dressed in burnished gold. It was a house lined with the gossamer filaments of down that float from leaves and walled with lichen of a pattern dainty enough for pixies. This pixy was a humming bird. Two weeks later, this letter came from the friend of the garden with the deserted nest enclosed in a box:

"If you have opened the box that accompanies this note, you must wish you had been the little fairy that was coddled in that down-lined nest shaded by a big maple leaf, instead of a poor slaving human toiling in a hot city cave. There was only one baby this time, and for three days a troubled little mother kept turning something over and over. I could not see into the bottom of the nest and I only suspect that she was making his toilet or helping his pin feathers. After he had pin feathers, the baby grew rapidly, and being without companions, talked often to himself and was very restless. Impatient of home restraint and narrow bounds, he would hang his head over the edge of the nest, looking first at the big world below, then up at the leafy world above. He was on tip-toe almost before his unsteady feet could support him or his tail balance him like a rudder. Finally, he slipped over the edge and came down plump on a branch—so scared he leaned against the nest and panted. Then, he found he liked being alive. Shrieking with delight, wings whirring, his body trembling, he moved up the branch four whole inches. Thus, he returned to the nest and dropped in like a tired woman into a rocking-chair. Within an hour, he had repeated this performance three times; but he was always back in the nest when his mother came with food. To-day when I came home, the nest was empty. The old tree whispered, 'Gone'; and I send you his deserted house; because some foolish people try to prove there are no fairies in modern life. There are fairies if we have eyes to see."—S. W.

LABOR AND THE RAILROADS

George Weiss

AMERICAN manufacturers are to-day paying labor one million dollars more a day than they did a year ago. This statement is based on the assertion of an important official of the Department of Commerce, who declared that increased wages granted American labor had, in the past six months, added three-hundred million dollars a year to the payrolls of American industries. On every hand, signs of industrial and labor prosperity are apparent.

Labor possesses the spirit to attain certain objects that have always appealed to it. When it secures higher wages, it then sets out to secure shorter hours. Throughout the country, labor is now in a constant state of aggression, prepared to fight for what it terms its rights, prepared to carry out its policies without regard to the possible effect on local, state, or national affairs.

Greatest and gravest of all labor problems is that which is now affecting the railroads of the country. As this issue of THE FORUM is going to press (August 15), the four railway brotherhoods, including the engineers, firemen, brakemen and conductors, on the freight service, are voting on a strike. The railroads have been asked to reduce the basic working day from ten to eight hours. A total of 350,000 men have through their unions placed before the railroads demands that will, if they are successful, compel the roads to pay out $100,000,000 more each year in wages to this branch of transportation service. The four railroad brotherhoods have presented demands. They will not accept government arbitration. The railroads must either concede, or face a strike. This is one of the gravest situations that has ever developed in the railroad world. Throughout the country, commercial bodies have been aroused. On every hand, protests are pouring into Congress and to the President to stop any effort on the part of the trainmen to tie up the systems, and to compel the arbitration of the difficulties. The entire situation is worthy of detailed analysis.

The trainmen in their propaganda have claimed that their demands are solely for an eight-hour day, and not for increased wages. Throughout the greater part of the

country, the railroad freight day has been fixed at ten hours or 100 miles. The demand for eight hours is accompanied by what is termed a punitive clause that the railroads shall pay time and a half for overtime work. The railroads insist that the change will cost them $100,000,000 a year. By reducing the basic working day to eight hours the men will secure what would be equivalent to a 25 per cent. wage advance, and the overtime based on this increased wage would mean an advance of 87½ per cent.

Let us go thoroughly into the matter. There are 660,000 owners of railroad stock whose total value is $6,000,000,000. Include bonds, etc., and the aggregate value is brought up to $15,700,000,000. The roads each year receive on this investment of six billion dollars a net income of $300,000,000, or 5½ per cent. In 1914 the railroads paid $1,381,000,000 in wages to employees or 45.3 per cent. of the gross income of $3,047,000,000.

The railroads contend that 45 cents out of every dollar that the public pays for transportation goes to the payroll. To take $100,000,000 more out of the earnings each year would deprive the carriers of much more than the gain they have obtained from the 5 per cent. increase in freight rates allowed them. The railroads had to fight tooth and nail to secure this 5 per cent. increase in freight rates; and now they must fight tenaciously to retain it. What is more, this $100,000,000 would go to only 18 per cent. of the railroad workers. The four brotherhoods with their membership of 350,000 constitute only 18 per cent. of the railroad army. This 18 per cent. now gets 28 per cent. of all the wages paid out by the railroads. The other 82 per cent. receives an average salary of $700 a year, while the brotherhoods secure an average salary of $1,260 a year. Every dollar that the trainmen demand means lower wages for the clerks, the station men, porters, signal men, trackmen and hosts of other employees who get an average wage of $700 a year. Every clerk working in the Grand Central Terminal in New York and in the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York expected a wage increase in January 1, and when it was not forthcoming hoped that they would receive it on May 1. The trainmen, however, with the power of coercion want whatever the railroads can distribute among their workers.

There can be no flat eight-hour work-day for trainmen in freight service. Some trainmen will work more than eight hours, some less. Railroads were built on a ten-hour, or 100-mile run basis. Railroad stations are not spaced so nicely apart that a trainmen can quit work at the end of eight hours. For instance, 56 western railroads last year paid the sum of $1,403,038 to engineers and firemen for which they received no return, this payment being made on the "or less" basis. The trainman receives a full ten hours wage whether he works only six hours or ten hours, operates his train 60 miles or 100 miles. But in the event of his working beyond ten hours or running more than 100 miles, then overtime, or mileage applies. A railway day is either ten hours, or 100 miles. The wage is fixed on whatever basis will yield the most. An engineer running a fast freight which can travel 150 miles in ten hours will secure a mileage rate. A man running a slow freight train that will only go 75 miles in ten hours will secure 10 hours wages.

The entire situation has gone beyond the control of the railroads and the carriers have announced that they will welcome intervention by the government and adjustment of the situation by either the Interstate Commerce Commission or any other body appointed for the work. The Interstate Commerce Commission would be preferable. It knows what the railroads earn, because it fixes the rates that they can charge. When the problem of adjusting freight and passenger rates was too large for the railroads and the public to adjust for themselves, the Federal Government stepped in and created the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Federal Government assumes control of the income of the roads and it can, and will be compelled, to assume control of the outgo. **Right here is where the phase of politics enters. What administration will be strong enough to placate both the trainmen and the railroads.** In past arbitrations, the trainmen contend that they were treated unfairly in the awards. Is there not some significance attached to the fact that the trainmen are making demands in a presidential year. Is it conceivable that the Wilson Administration will step in two months before election and compel the trainmen to accept arbitration. Bear in mind that 350,000 trainmen are voters! Every one of them will cry "Hands Off! This is

our own affair! Meddle and our votes will be lost." I do not say this in any sense derogatory of the Wilson Administration. Any Administration would be in a similar plight. But 350,000 men are only a small portion of the 100,000,000 population; and it remains to be seen whether 350,000 can dictate to the remaining 100,000,000. **Our Government can compel arbitration. It proved its right to fix railroad rates and it can prove its right to fix wages. Neither would be violative of the Constitution.**

No, the trainmen refuse to arbitrate. They contend that the Newlands Act does not provide for arbitration except in the event of a strike being imminent. As yet, no strike is imminent, they say. A short time ago the Delaware & Hudson Railroad had a strike on its hands. The trainmen declined to arbitrate and forced the railroad to concede.

A railroad strike would tie up every line in the country and would plunge the nation into adversity. Our present-day prosperity would be quickly wiped out. Can 18 per cent. of the railroad employees use their power to deprive the remaining 82 per cent. of employment? A strike as threatened, would paralyze industry. The railroads are the life-blood of our every-day existence. Our foodstuffs would be tied up; our manufactures could not move; the raw materials that the factories need could not be obtained, forcing plants to suspend. Coal would not be available, and even the traction lines would be forced to stop for lack of fuel with which to generate power. Every person between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, the Atlantic and the Pacific would be affected. The situation would be worse than war; worse than an invading army wrecking havoc and desolation in its path. From a national railroad strike there could be no escape.

Until the firm mind and the firm hand of the Government stepped in and compelled the operation of the roads, a situation approximating what is now considered impossible, the enforced idleness of 100,000,000 people, would be developed.

The farmer and the city man would suffer alike. The farmer could not move his products to market. His crops would go to ruin, causing him a double loss. The city dweller would lack foodstuffs, and millions of people would face want owing to the prices that would be charged for the small supply of foodstuffs that are held by stores

in the cities. And then what of outbreaks? Our militia to-day is down in Texas. Three hundred thousand men are on the Mexican border; and the trainmen could stir up turmoil, that would place the United States on a par with some of the opera bouffe republics of the South, unable to maintain order within its borders. We would be unable to control the labor men in their fight for control. Action must be taken by the Government. The trainmen are powerful. They have money in their treasury. They have 3,500,000 other unionists behind them. They believe that in a battle of economic power they can whip the railroads into submission. **The railroads will not be the chief sufferers. It will be the innocent third party, the public, that will feel the heavy hand of panic.** The Chambers of Commerce of the United States have just asked Congress to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to stay the railroad crisis. It is pointed out that 350,000 men, wielding the power, control and injure the remaining 100,000,000 population.

An eight-hour day would not prevent overtime. If the eight-hour day prevails, the railroads would have to meet it in one of three ways: (1) Pay the increased wages under present working conditions; (2) reconstruct the roads with shorter divisions so as to shorten the time of train runs; (3) reduce the length of trains so that they could be run at higher speeds to escape the penalty of overtime.

Now, the first solution would mean adding $100,000,000 a year to the payroll, this enormous sum being taken by 18 per cent. of the railway employees. The reconstruction of roads to shorten the time of freight runs would mean the building of new terminals which would be a physical impossibility. To cut down the length of trains, which is the third course open to the roads, would increase the cost of operation. Four-fifths of all of the tonnage moving in the east is made up of low-grade slow-moving freight carried at the lowest rates in the world. **A ton of freight in the east is carried three miles for the cost of a two-cent postage stamp.** The trainmen say: cut the trains in two, then there will be no slow trains and no overtime. The long train has been one of the remarkable evolutions of American railroading. To cut trains in two or three would mean additional crews and greater expense. Why were the great big locomotives conceived

if it were not for the handling of the long freight trains? **These long freight trains have held down American freight rates so that they are the cheapest in the world.** If two train loads of grain coming from Chicago must be cut into three trains, then three locomotives and three crews must be provided. No matter what alternative is taken, the results would be costly. The Interstate Commerce Commission does not allow the railroads to increase their rates. They contend that the rates are high enough and that the public can pay no more. When 18 per cent. of the trainmen railway employees however demand $100,000,000 more a year, which is equivalent to a 5 per cent. increase in freight rates both in the East and the West, the Interstate Commerce Commission must be ready to grant higher rates.

Slow trains East of Chicago **are necessary to keep down the cost of living.** Think what you would have to pay for coal, if it were moved on a fast train so that a trainman would enjoy an eight-hour day! Sixty per cent. of the tonnage moved East of Chicago consists of coal, ore, coke, stone and other mine products. To the public, there is no difference whether the time of transportation is two days or four days, so long as there is a continual stream coming into the market. There is a difference, however, if the public is compelled to pay 5 per cent. more freight on these commodities; so that the trains can move quicker, giving the trainmen an eight-hour day. It is the public that pays.

Bear in mind the trainmen are only 18 per cent. of the railway employees! They only move the trains. They do not keep the books, create the tariffs, buy the equipment, keep the rails in order, make new construction such as terminal station buildings, grading, signaling, repairing, etc. Their duty is only to move the trains. Everything else is arranged for them. The freight is loaded on the cars and is unloaded from the cars. Once the cars are connected in the yards, they are off with no further worries aside from those incidental to regular railroading. To disconnect the cars is a matter of a few moments' work.

The trainmen now have the upper hand. When the run is less than ten hours, they demand ten hours pay. When the run is more than 100 miles, they demand pay on a mileage basis. Whichever method of compensation

amounts to the highest, that method is the one they demand and secure. **Now, are the trainmen poorly paid? The average wages of the engineers in 1915 were $1,892 a year, the conductors $1,719 a year, the firemen $1,117 a year, and the brakemen $1,013 a year.** These figures are not doctored. They represent the actual amount of money given out to the trainmen during 1915. They get 28 per cent. of the wages paid by the carriers. They get more than the others who must suffer because of their power, because as Gompers puts it, "they control economic power."

The views of Samuel Gompers on the general labor situation are of interest. Throughout his discussion of the situation, the spirit of Socialism inspires: "The shorter workday is a condition which makes possible improvements in all other ways," says Mr. Gompers. "The shorter workday transforms workers, who have daily worked a long period of time, into different individuals, physically, mentally and socially. It protects the workers against the consequences of over-exhaustion, assures to them time for the upbuilding of strength and the generation of new energy. The railroad brotherhoods have presented a straight demand for an eight-hour day, and in order to force that regulation they have associated with the demand penalties for overtime that would make the managers careful in indiscriminately prolonging hours of labor beyond the standard eight hours."

In reply to the question **why** the railroad men refuse to arbitrate, whereas the American Federation of Labor has nearly in all previous cases been a strong supporter of arbitration, Mr. Gompers said: "The reasons which are given by the representatives of the railroad men for refusing arbitration are extremely significant and have a deep meaning for all workers. President Garretson of the Railway Conductors, stated that **under its power the Interstate Commerce Commission did not have authority to consider hours of work and wages of employees, and furthermore there was no intention on the part of railroad men to have a tribunal pass on their demands, for the reason the railway brotherhoods have always combated the idea of a government tribunal to fix wages.**

"As a result of years of experience the railway brotherhoods have reached the conclusion that their welfare and protection depends upon the exercise of eco-

nomic power. In presenting their demands, they relied solely upon conferences between representatives of those directly concerned and have repeatedly stated that they preferred, if driven to the last point, to trust their claims to the results of economic action." Right here I must interrupt Mr. Gompers' statement. It is all well and good for the strongest to be on top, for the weak to succumb to the will of the powerful. But **in the case of the railroads, the trainmen are not the strongest.** By putting their claims to economic action, Mr. Gompers means that the railroads will suffer more by the loss of earnings than will the trainmen. This of course is natural.

Then Mr. Gompers continues: "Now is a great time for the organized labor movement. Estimating progress made, discloses substantial gains in wages, reductions in hours of work and improvement in working conditions. Labor has learned the strength of unions, and the collective protection of economic power. They have learned that **those who are necessary to the world's production need not be the victims of employers' oppression and greed.** They recognize no divine right to exploitation. By enlightened self-interest, cooperation and the experiences accumulated from the experience of years, **they have learned to take advantage of opportunities, to press home demands for greater justice and to maintain their power ready for use. Toilers of America, now is the time for activity. Now is the time to make an eight-hour day continent-wide. Now is the time to agitate, educate and organize."**

Labor is on the Offensive.

I use only the words of Samuel Gompers and other labor leaders when I say that labor is on the offensive, and with the power that the war-created trade has given them, it is planning to force the manufacturers to concede all of their pet theories, or in any event, as many as labor can ram down the throats of capital. The astute head of the American Federation of Labor declared in speaking at a mass meeting at the Milwaukee Auditorium that is was the aim of the unions to secure more than had already been granted, and **"when we get that more, we will want still more."** Mr. Gompers asserted that in this respect labor was no different from the capitalist. "A man making $3.00 a day wants $3.25. A man with $800,000 wants

$200,000 more, so that he can say that he is a millionaire. And a man with $400,000,000 wants the earth." Surely, well put, when Mr. Gompers declared that labor demands are always progressive. At no time will manufacturers ever grant the complete ideals of labor with respect to hours of employment and wages. The further Mr. Gompers goes in his demands the nearer to Socialism he approaches. Bearing in mind that **labor organizations of the United States have a total membership of only 3½ per cent. of the total population, 3,500,000 men to 100,000,000 population, the power possessed by the unions to sway conditions in their direction is only at its greatest when manufacturers are urgently in need of help.**

Labor is to-day on the offensive. It has been on the offensive for over six months and has made progress. The Germans in the early days of the war were on the offensive; but each foot of ground taken by them has only served to increase the acrimony of the Allies. So with labor! Each gain of labor has served to make the manufacturers bitter. The day of reckoning is coming. Labor has been belligerent. It has garotted manufacturers. It has forced the accession to its demands. It has created a state of affairs that are so one-sided that there must be a readjustment. There must be a restoration to a balance.

Using all the experience derived from strikes of the past, labor leaders have astutely carried out their propaganda for the increasing of wages and for the shortening of hours. Ever since the fall of 1915, when manufacturers of all kinds were appealing for help to fill their orders, labor has pressed home its advantage. Manufacturers made natural concessions to labor. They offered higher wages. These natural concessions were unavoidable, the manufacturers being under the pressure of orders as the production of munitions could not wait any final adjustment of disputes with the unions. In November of 1915, while talking with a prominent labor leader, I drew out the following startling statement: **"This is labor's opportunity and hour.** We will not allow the contracting employers to secure all of the profits of this imperative but transient activity in the production of war supplies. **Our demands will not be made all over the country at once. We will start in New York State and then intend to hop along the line to New England and the entire country. As fast as we settle one strike, we will take up**

another. Just like the military strategists, all efforts are to be concentrated at one point and this tremendous pressure that we can exert will quickly remove all obstacles. Then, the steam roller will move along. The present time is the best that has ever happened for us in the last 14 years. To-day there are three jobs for every man and the bosses are crying for help. This is our time, and can you blame us if we take it?"

True to his words, the era of strikes began at Schenectady, at the great works of the General Electric Company. It then moved along to Bridgeport and spread throughout the Naugatuck Valley. It came down to New Jersey, down to Philadelphia, to Baltimore, to Pittsburgh, to Chicago and then west. Everywhere that labor has attacked it has been successful with but one exception, and that was the Westinghouse strike at Pittsburgh.

Wage increases have been compelled where manufacturers would not grant them of their own accord. Some of the shrewd manufacturers adopted the plan to circumvent demands from labor by giving wage increases before being asked. Thus, the United States Steel Corporation gave two wage increases of 10 per cent. each, which will cost it $40,000,000 more each year. A half million steel workers are benefited. The anthracite miners used their power to exact a seven to fifteen per cent. wage increase and a reduction in hours from nine to eight, and tied these gains up in a four-year agreement. Every householder in the east who made a practice of laying in coal early in summer, securing summer prices, found in May of this year that there would be no summer prices. Over $7,000,000 additional was paid out by householders for coal in order to give the anthracite miners their wage increase.

I have prepared some figures showing a few of the wage increases.

	Men	Monthly Increase
United States Steel Corporation	500,000	$3,500,000
Bethlehem Steel Co	24,000	170,000
Youngstown Steel plants	20,000	150,000
Colorado Fuel & Iron Co	6,000	75,000
Other steel plants	140,000	400,000
Overland Automobile Co	18,000	1,250,000
Butte miners and smelters	14,000	189,000
Anaconda mines	5,000	8,290
Anthracite coal miners	200,000	1,000,000
Portland and Coeur d'Alene district mines	3,000	3,000
West Virginia Coal Mines	20,000	98,000
Chicago packing houses	25,000	210,000
Hart, Shaffner & Marx	10,000	70,000

	Men	Monthly Increase
Allis Chalmers Co	2,000	16,800
Milwaukee teamsters	600	4,200
St. Louis brewers	5,000	30,000
St. Louis machinists	500	5,600
Ohio Electric Railway Co	1,000	5,000
Columbus, O., street-car men	700	2,700
Cincinnati building trades	14,000	17,400
Toledo carpenters	300	210
Toledo electricians	200	2,072
Fall River cotton operatives	30,000	250,000
New Bedford cotton operatives	25,000	200,000
American Woolen Co	30,000	125,000
Providence India Rubber Co	2,500	19,600
Rhode Island cotton operatives	6,000	30,000
Philadelphia carmen	6,200	22,600
New York carmen	12,000	75,000
Brooklyn carmen	8,000	60,000
Cleveland building trades	20,000	291,000
New York building trades	150,000	350,000

On May 1st last, a column of 100,000 strikers marched in New York, while in the West 125,000 strikers were in line in various cities. Now contrast this with the condition that prevailed a year previous. In April, 1915, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, on behalf of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, conducted a canvas of its policy holders in New York, to ascertain the number of idle workers. It found that in 155,960 families in New York, there were 45,421 idle people. In December, 1914, Judge E. H. Gary, as chairman of the Mayors' Committee on Unemployment, estimated that over 200,000 workers were without jobs in New York City. The United States Bureau of Labor Statistics estimated the unemployment in New York City as involving 442,000 people.

About six months ago, when wage advances first began to be announced, the newspapers were printing them in large type displayed on the first page. Wage increases became so frequent that it was not long after that no attention was given to them. The newspapers first seized on the wage increases as evidence of prosperity. To what extent wages have been actually increased no one will ever be able to tell with any marked degree of accuracy. The Government statistics are not wholly complete and accurate; but when the government does issue its statistics, the man who would add about $100,000,000 to those figures would in all probability come close to the exact figure of wage increases. Wages all over the country have gone up. I talked with a contractor, who has

business interests in all the large cities and asked him to what extent he was paying increased wages. He rang a bell and asked a clerk to bring him the wage scale.

"Now listen," he said. **"Before the war I could get any number of common laborers in the East at $1 to $1.50 a day; while in the West, I could get them at $1.25 a day. To-day I am paying carpenters in Chicago 60c. an hour, against 40 to 45c. an hour a few months ago. At Buffalo common labor is being paid 27½c. an hour against $1.50 a day. At Cleveland I am paying 30c. an hour, at Cincinnati 25c. an hour, at Racine, Wis., 30c. an hour, at Kansas City, where there is no shortage, 17½c. an hour. At St. Louis, union wages are now $3.50 a day, and non-union $2.50 a day; at Chicago union wages are 42½c. an hour, and non-union 31¼c. an hour.** Talk about prosperity. Why, it has hurt my business rather than benefited it! I specialize in municipal, state and federal work, and with the exception of federal work, my business has decreased in volume. Cities and states are not going to pay high prices for improvements. Materials are high and labor is skyrocketing. Public improvements are paid by taxes, and it is a wise administration that keeps the taxes down when the cost of living is up."

The city of Boston proposed to lay 15 miles of water-pipe this summer and had actually ordered the pipe when the manufacturer received a cancellation of the order, because labor could not be obtained to lay the pipe. The city of New York planned to build several piers on the North River to accommodate 1,000-foot steamers, but had to reject bids three times before prices that came within the appropriation were secured. The Public Service Commission of New York thought that it could save some money by buying 52,000 tons of steel outright for subway and elevated lines. It got a good price but rejected the bids; the chairman of the commission asserting that the taxpayers would rather wait for two years for these improvements than pay the high cost for materials. The city of Philadelphia is holding in abeyance elevated improvements that will cost $75,000,000 until labor costs and material prices are lower. In New York City, the Pennsylvania Railroad plans to build a monster hotel alongside its terminal, and has already let the contracts for erection on a percentage basis, but will not allow the work to go ahead until material prices come down. Robert

H. Ingersoll, of the famous dollar watch, is head of a company that will build a large hotel in the theatre district. The Statler interests are to build a hotel, while the New York Central will build another hostelry opposite its station. All these projects are held in abeyance. Plans are filed with the building department for over 50 high-class apartment houses which will cost about $75,000,000 to build; but work will not go ahead until costs are lowered.

One of the great union contentions is that shorter hours and higher wages act to promote efficiency. This contention is directly in contrast with the results of a canvas conducted by the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank. It was ascertained that labor will not work despite the high wages and decreased efficiency has accompanied the increases in compensation. The large manufacturing plants in Pennsylvania and New Jersey reported that it was impossible to secure sufficient men for three eight-hour shifts and production had been so severely contracted that some plants were in danger of having bonds for faithful performance of contracts closed. The manufacturers wrote that they had difficulty in keeping men at work. One wrote that the moving-picture houses are filled with workingmen every day in the towns near the large factories, and that there is plenty of evidence elsewhere that labor is not taking advantage of the present situation to benefit itself. **Insead of taking advantage of the higher wages to save money or better their condition, a large proportion of the workingmen take holidays after they have earned a sum equal to their usual weekly wage.** And even while at work, the employers reported, the men have been lazy and independent. The latter is one of the alarming conditions. Artisans, mechanics and laboring men have lost what small respect they had for their employers. Remonstrance has failed to curb the spread of insolence, instead an effort to stir up the men has led to strikes or the men quitting without notice.

"Labor as a whole, certainly north of the Mason and Dixon line and east of the Mississippi, is suffering from a species of insanity," wrote one large manufacturer. "It does not know what it wants, but it wants more." A shipbuilder sent in a poster used in England, which he declared represented a condition now prevailing here: **"Don't scab upon the unemployed by working hard,"** read the poster. **"Slow work means more jobs. More jobs**

means less unemployment. Less competition means high wages, less work, more pay. Slow down. Slow down. Don't be slaves."

A large steel company wrote: "It is not so much that the men are expecting and demanding high wages, as that they are not inclined to give a reasonable return for wage. They will not take orders from their superiors, and they take many holidays. Laboring men do not seem to take advantage of the situation to improve their conditions. Instead of realizing that the present harvest is likely to be short, working steadily and saving money, they are inclined to be extravagant and wasteful of time."

Another declares: "Not only have rates gone up, but the efficiency of labor has gone down." A coal mining concern asserted that "in the bituminous field the labor situation is unsettled, and the miners are dissatisfied and seem glad of an excuse to quit their jobs." A textile concern declared: "Mills report enough orders to run at capacity for some time, but inability to operate more than two-thirds of their plants on account of the shortage and independence of help. With curtailed production, it has not been possible to keep overhead expenses at a minimum, and profits have been and will continue to be cut proportionately unless the price of the product is increased." A steel maker wrote: "They (labor) have become so independent that it is very difficult to keep discipline, and instead of attempting to earn more money at the high rates, they simply reduce the amount of work they turn out or else take time off when they have earned the weekly wage to which they are accustomed." Still another steel plant declared that the uncertainty had prevented it from renewing contracts running a year ahead; as they could not figure on their labor costs and output."

Summarizing the replies the agent of the Federal Reserve Bank declared: "There is universal complaint that as wages are increased, a large class of wage earners become less productive; and the failure of industrial plants to make sufficient or reasonable output is preventing the realization of much if any profit from operations. Instead of taking advantage of the present wonderful opportunity to make large earnings, they are apparently not netting much more than formerly, when wages were much lower; the cost of living for them, as for others, is much higher, and the whole country is suffering a great economic loss

through the failure of our industrial plants to produce the volume of goods for which there is at present so great a demand."

Manufacturers of America have not idly stood by and watched labor make inroads. They are working quietly but effectively; and when the condition of trade is once again normal the retribution coming will precipitate a crisis. It is but natural that the manufacturers should use the whip once the handle comes into their control. Labor is now flogging the manufacturers, and Gompers, Morrison, Walsh, and the rest of the reactionaries are gleefully writing in their labor publications of the accomplishment of labor's control over capital. Labor has always believed that the welfare work of the employers was merely a snare. The unions have always attacked welfare propositions. The unions do not want the workers to show any regard at any time for their employers.

The National Association of Manufacturers at their Convention in May took steps to oppose labor's domination. It was planned to work actively against legislation that was fostered to labor unions. This work was not to be carried out in a spirit of aggression, but through the power that the concerted effort of American business men can fairly use to protect their interests.